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VOL. 38.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN BY W. H. DIXON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. 1.

BERLIN

A. ASHER & CO. UNTER DEN LINDEN.

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VOL. 38.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN BY W. H. DIXON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

AMERICAN STUDIES

OF

ENGLISH AUTHORS

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

CONTEMPORARY

VOLUME 28

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BYRON BY W. H. LINDSAY

IN TWO VOLUMES

OF

HISTORY
OF
WILLIAM PENN

FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY
WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

A NEW COPYRIGHT EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BERLIN
A. ASHER & CO. UNTER DEN LINDEN.
1872.

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PREFACE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

THIS HISTORY IS INSCRIBED.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

THIS HISTORY IS INSCRIBED

P R E F A C E.

TWENTY-ONE years have passed since "William Penn, an Historical Biography," came out. The book obtained some favour, not in England only, but in Germany and America. Yet it has long been out of print; awaiting that revision which an author who respects his public likes to give his final work. In one-and-twenty years, much light has come to us from public offices, both home and foreign; and in dealing with a mass of new materials I have been led to write my book afresh. The change of title hardly corresponds to the material change. It would be no misuse of words to say that "William Penn: Founder of Pennsylvania," is substantially a new book.

6 *St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park,*
May-day, 1872.

PREFACE

Twenty years have passed since "William
Linn, or the botanical geography," came out. The book
obtained some success not in England only, but in
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to say that "William Linn" is now a
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L. R. Linn, or the botanical geography, 1841.

1861.

NOTE.

IN the first edition of "William Penn" appeared an Extra Chapter on the charges brought by Macaulay against Penn. The five specific censures were confronted with the actual names and dates, and every fact alleged as ground for censure was shown to be no fact at all. With a consent most rare in matters of this kind, the press accepted this defence, and almost every one expected that the calumnies would be withdrawn.

On some points he gave way; especially as to William Kiffin and the Prince of Orange.

In his first edition he had represented Penn as being "employed by the heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall" to seduce Kiffin into the acceptance of an alderman's gown, and failing to induce that sturdy Baptist to comply. I met this statement with the words of Kiffin; words which proved that Penn was *not* employed "in the work of seduction;" and that Kiffin *did* accept "an alderman's gown." Macaulay fenced with the first citation, but the second smote him, and he added to his text that Kiffin took the alderman's gown.

In his first edition he had said in reference to the Prince of Orange: "All men were anxious to know what he thought of the declaration. . . . Penn sent copious disquisitions to the Hague, and even went thither in the hope that his eloquence, of which he had a high opinion, would prove irresistible." It was shown that not a word

NOTE.

in this paragraph was true. Penn sent *no* copious disquisitions to the Hague in 1687. He did *not* go over in the hope that his eloquence would prove irresistible. He did not go at all. Macaulay drew his pen across this passage; replacing what was proved to be a falsehood by a sneer.

My hope was that Macaulay would in time withdraw his charges as disproved. I had some reason for this hope. His mind was racked by doubts, and he was often busy with this portion of his book. It is within my knowledge that his latest thoughts on earth were given to Penn and that which he had said of Penn. Some part of what he might have done, the world can guess from what he did. He ceased the work of calumny. In what he wrote after 1857, there is not a single sneer at Penn. His indexes were greatly changed. He struck out much that was false, and more that was abusive. Penn's Jacobitism was no longer "scandalous," his word was no longer a "falsehood." Penn was no longer charged with "treasonable conduct," with "flight to France," and with "renewing his plots." What else Macaulay might have done can only be surmised; but it is fair to think that changes in his index would have been followed by amendments in his text. I know that he was far from satisfied with his "Notes" of 1857, and that he was engaged in reconsidering the defence of Penn when he leaned back in his chair and died.

Unhappily he passed away, and made no other sign. The accusations in his text remain: and it is only just that the defence of Penn, extended and adapted to the present time, should reappear.

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LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

CHAPTER I.

OLD AND NEW FORTUNES (1644).

THE Penns of Penn were an old family, living in Bucks during the wars of the Red and White Roses, three or four miles from the town of Beaconsfield, in the parish from which they seem to have got their name. These Penns of Penn have long since passed away.

In very old times a branch of this family removed to the north of Wiltshire, where they held a small estate in land, a hundred pounds a-year, on the skirts of Bradon forest, on the borders of the shire. Their seat was called Penn's Lodge, a "genteel, ancient house," and in the town of Minety, across

the border, they had a second house. The last of these old Penns of Bradon forest was William Penn of Penn's Lodge and Minety, who survived his only son, also a William Penn, and dying in 1591 at a great age, was buried in Minety Church, near the altar. On the old man's death the property was sold to pay his debts, and this connexion of the Penn family with Penn's Lodge and Minety ceased.

This patriarch of failing fortune left two grandsons, William and Giles, to begin the world afresh. Giles went to Bristol, took to the sea, and entered into trade. He sailed into the North Sea; he crossed the Bay of Biscay; he visited the Spanish ports; he caught some glimpses of the pirate holds. The skipper had his ups and downs; for some of his ventures turned out ill; the rovers seized his goods, the factors cheated him; yet on the whole he made his way. In Bristol he found a lady to his mind; a Gilbert of Yorkshire, who had recently come into the west country; and marrying her, he took a house in that city for her home, and there his sons, George and William (the future admiral) were in due time born, though at an interval of twenty years.

George, the elder born of these two Bristol boys, was early put to work under his father's eye. He

learned the business of a merchant, and spent his youth in passing from Cadiz to Antwerp and Rotterdam, until he fell in love with a lady of Antwerp, a Catholic in creed and a subject of the Crown of Spain. This love was happy, and on being united to the woman of his heart George Penn set up his home at San Lucar, the port of Seville, then a busy, thriving town. George, having no offspring, brought his wife's sisters from Antwerp to live with her, and made for them a pleasant home in that Morisco port, near the English hospice of St. George.

William, the younger born of these two Bristol boys, was put to sea. Captain Giles Penn, his father, roved about the Spanish, Portuguese, and Flemish ports; and William worked his way, under that father's eye, from the lowest work on board his vessel to the highest office on the quarter-deck.

After George's settlement in San Lucar, Captain Giles Penn, the father, turned his keel towards the Moorish ports, then opening up a new and tempting branch of trade. The Moors of Fez and Susa were in want of many things that Bristol could supply—tin, lead, and iron most of all,—and Giles, having paid a visit to the ports, from Tetuan to Sallee, observing the course of trade and picking up the

native speech, began to fetch from Bristol such commodities as he found would sell. But this new trade was only to be carried on at daily risk of life. The Spanish court had closed the Barbary ports by paper blockade,—much as they had closed the American ports. Such ports were lawless in a certain sense, the natives having built and manned a swarm of boats in which they roved about the seas and preyed on vessels under every flag. In fact, these Barbary ports were pirate-ports. From Tunis to Sallee the African harbours sent out every spring a fleet of rovers; some of which swept the coasts of Spain on her eastern side, some on her western side; those pushing out as far as the Genoese waters, these coming up into the German and Irish seas. They chased all colours, and they seized all ships. They not only took the goods on board, but sold the officers and crews as slaves. Muley Mohammed, Emperor of Morocco, tried his best to limit this warfare of the sea to Spain; but his seat of government was far away from the coast, and his unruly subjects of the sea-ports would not stay their hands to please a young and feeble prince. Sallee, the busiest of these pirate nests, was in revolt against his rule.

A quick and able man, this Captain Penn not

only knew that court favour would be useful to him in his perilous trade, but saw how favour could be won at court by simple means. King Charles was fond of falconry, and Giles brought home with him a cast of Tetuan hawks. Charles quickly let him know that he would like more hawks, on which the Bristol skipper told him he could get these birds if the King would give him letters of protection to the Moorish governor of the town. Lord Conway drew up letters in his favour, and Giles went back to Tetuan with the King's command to buy him Barbary horses, as well as hawks. On his return to England he came to town, when he made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Mansel, Edward Nicholas, Endymion Porter, and other gentlemen of the court. Mansel had a great opinion of the skipper, and wrote to Lord Dorchester, then Secretary of State, in his behalf. For Giles was in some trouble about a sale of cargoes in Tetuan; the proceeds had been seized, and Captain Penn was much afraid of being clapped in jail. His great friends helped him, for the King, in love with his new hawks, was eager for his agent to go out again.

In passing from Bristol to Barbary for several years, Giles Penn became acquainted with the Moors, their ports, their customs, and their speech.

At Sallee he was pained to hear that hundreds of English captives were said to be enslaved in that pirate stronghold; some of them were women; but the port of Sallee being in revolt against the empire nothing could be done for them in the native court. On coming home Penn laid his news before the King, with full reports of what he had seen and done, and hints of measures by which the captives might be released. His plans were laid before the Council and approved. A fleet was manned and victualled for the voyage. Admiral Rainsborough was appointed to the chief command; and there was a talk of sending out Captain Penn as Rainsborough's Vice-admiral. The skipper came to London, lodged at the Black Boy, in Ave Maria Lane, and saw Lord Cottington and Lord Portland, who consulted him on every detail of the expedition, the ships to be sent out, the stores to be laid in, the crews to be impressed, the mode of approaching the pirate-town, and the general policy of the voyage. But after being detained in London more than half a year, he was dismissed with money and thanks; the money not much, the thanks still less. The voyage was a great success. Sallee was taken, the prisoners were released, and Muley Mohammed, on receiving back his revolted port, repaid the citizens, who had

bought these English captives from Algerines, the value of their liberated slaves.

To prevent this traffic in English flesh and blood, the London merchants prayed the King to appoint a consul in Sallee, offering to pay all charges from the profits of their trade; and when the Council wrote to ask them who should be sent out, they answered Captain Penn. A warrant was accordingly drawn up, and on the 30th of December, 1637, Giles Penn of Bristol was appointed His Majesty's Consul at Sallee.

When Captain Penn went to reside in Sallee, his son William kept his ship, until ship and man were taken together into the service of King Charles. At Rotterdam, the Bristol boy had fallen in with Margaret, a daughter of Hans Jasper—of that town,—a girl with rosy flesh and nimble wit,—and being taken by her comely face, had offered her his heart, and taken up her own in pledge. But William was a prudent lover. Bent on rising in the world,—perhaps rising to be Penn of Penn's Lodge,—he had left the lady in her father's house on the canal, till he could lodge her in a better home than a poor skipper's cabin in a merchant-ship.

In those days every vessel going out of Thames or Severn on a distant voyage was armed; with five

guns, ten guns, twenty guns, as the case might need. She armed according to the seas she had to cross, the pirates to resist; and every officer on board was trained in all the details of war at sea. The trading navy was a fighting navy. When the country wanted fleets, and men to officer these fleets, she had only to send for the port-reeves and masters of companies, hire the vessels, and engage the officers and crews. The commercial navy was not the reserve; it was the actual fleet; but only called and paid in time of war.

In 1639, when the future Admiral was eighteen years and six months old, the Dutch acquired, by two great victories over Spain, a perfect command of the Narrow Seas. Tromp rode within sight of Dover cliffs, and Charles was suddenly smitten with the want of money, ships, and men. The money was refused him; but he found no difficulty in procuring ships and men. The craft in which William Penn was serving as a skipper seems to have been hired by the crown; and thus a lad of twenty passed into the public service with lieutenant's rank. Even now he would not marry; and his rosy Margaret could wait. Knowing his duty as few men know it, he was soon employed, and soon rewarded for success. At twenty-one he was a captain. A few months

later, fortune still going with him, he received a regular commission in the King's service, with the promise of the first ship worthy of his fame; and having got his commission in his pocket, he ran over to Rotterdam and claimed his bride.

From that day forward Penn was always rising. When on shore he lived with his young wife in the naval quarter, near the Tower. His frank and jovial ways were highly relished. He had seen the world; he sang a stave; he loved a prank and jest; and drank his wine with any salt alive. "Dutch Peg," with "more wit than Penn himself," says Pepys, was jeered at first, until her friends discovered that both she and Captain Penn were folks to rise.

A first step for the young captain of the royal navy was to find employment for his talent. The great dispute of King and Commons as to which should command the marine had just been settled (1643) by the appointment of Warwick, in opposition to the will of Charles, to the office of Lord High Admiral. A part of the fleet, stationed in the Irish seas, adhered to the royal cause under the command of Sir John Pennington, whom the King had vainly tried to make Lord Admiral; but the number of his vessels was not formidable even at first, and capture and desertion soon reduced them

to such a state of weakness as to prevent their being troublesome to the Parliamentary chiefs.

One of Pennington's captured ships was the *Fellowship*, Captain Burley, cut out in Milford Haven; a vessel of twenty-eight guns; the third in size and weight then serving in the Irish seas. This ship was given to Captain Penn, who received his orders to sail in the service of his country; and though his wife Margaret was then in a critical state, expecting to be confined, he went on board. At six o'clock in the morning, all being ready, he shipped his anchor and dropped down the Thames. But he was suddenly recalled to his house on Tower Hill. The *Fellowship* was detained in the river three weeks, and during these three weeks the Founder of Pennsylvania was born into the world.

The day of his birth was Monday, October the fourteenth, 1644.

CHAPTER II.

SEA-GENERAL PENN (1644—1655).

AFTER Penn of Penn, and Penn of Penn's Lodge, the boy was christened William. Round in face, with soft blue eyes and curling hair, the boy was "a love," not only in his mother's eyes, but in his father's heart. Captain Penn had now a son to fight for; and as soon as Peg was fit to be left, her husband joined his ship, and after visiting his admiral in the Downs, pushed on to Portsmouth, where he took Lord Broghill and his company on board. With Broghill Captain Penn formed a friendship which was never broken till his death, and which descended to his son. On landing Broghill at Kinsale, Penn put to sea, and cruised about the opening of St. George's Channel, from Milford Haven to the Cove of Cork.

In this service he remained some years; the

ablest, if not the boldest, cruiser in that section of the Commonwealth fleet. The prizes which he seized were sometimes rich; and he was able to remove his wife and child from the close atmosphere of Tower Hill to the lawns and gardens of a country house. For some brief time he hired a place at Wanstead, in Essex, to which he ran on leave. A daughter Margaret, and a son Richard, were in season added to the nursery in which William broke his toys; heirs not only to their father's gains, but the fortune made in foreign lands by "Uncle George."

The first great grief which fell upon the Wanstead circle came as news from San Lucar in Spain. An English factor living in a Spanish port, George Penn was watched with jealous eyes by native priests and monks, who had, unluckily, access to his house as the confessors of his wife, and of the sisters of his wife. These women were not only Catholics in faith, but subjects of Philip the Fourth. Now George was a prudent man; a factor who kept his shop, and held his tongue; so that malice could find no flaw in him, even though it had three or four female confessions every week to work upon. But as he grew in wealth, these priests grew angry at his blameless life. How could a heretic be a

blameless man? Was he ever seen at mass? Was he known to confess his sins? Did he honour the Spanish saints? Spies were set upon him; his wife was questioned; his wife's sisters were examined; and when nothing could be found against him that would justify the civil power in dealing with his case, they got from the Holy Office in Seville a secret warrant for his arrest.

Officers came down from Seville to San Lucar, broke into his house, anathematized him, seized his papers and books, impounded his goods, his plate, his jewels, his furniture, his horses, and his slaves. They seized the things in his house and magazines, as well as those on board his ships in the port. Having got his person and his goods, they separated him from his wife, and then with holy incantations, cast him out, body and soul, from the Church of Christ, and the society of men.

Nothing escaped the rapacity of these brigands; from the wine in his cellar, to the nail in his wall. The property they seized was worth twelve thousand pounds. His wife was carried off he knew not whither; he himself was dragged to Seville, where he was cast into a dungeon, only eight feet square, and dark as the grave. In this living tomb he was left with a loaf of bread and a jug of water.

For seven days no one came near him; and then the jailor brought him another loaf, another jug of water, and disappeared. No one was allowed to visit him in his cell, no letter or message was suffered to be sent out. He vanished from the world as completely as if the earth had opened in the night and sucked him in.

At the end of the first month of his confinement there was a break in the monotony of his life. The masked familiars of the Holy Office came into his cell, took him by the arms, stript him naked, tied him fast to the iron bars of his dungeon door, and one of them, armed with a whip of knotted cords, dealt out fifty lashes on his back. Each month this flogging was repeated, the new stripes crossing and tearing up the former wounds until his body was one festering sore. And all this time he was unable to learn the name of his accuser and the nature of his offence. He could not see his wife. He could not learn whether she was alive or dead.

At every blow they asked him to confess his crimes. What crimes? They could not say; he must confess of his own will and virtue. What was he to say? He would have told them anything, true or false, to stay their hands; for George was not

a martyr; and he only wished to live and trade in peace.

Three years elapsed without producing the confessions wanted by the Holy Office. George was then brought into the trial-chamber, and in the presence of seven judges was accused of various crimes:—of being a heretic; of denying some of the seven sacraments; of presuming to marry a Catholic lady; of persuading his wife to change her creed; of meaning to carry his wife into England; of not hearing mass in San Lucar; of not confessing to a priest; of eating flesh on fast-days; and of doubting the miracles wrought by Spanish saints. He pleaded not guilty. But instead of producing witnesses to prove his alleged crimes, the judges ordered him to be tortured in their presence, until he confessed the truth of what was charged against him. For a while his strength and resolution bore him up; but his tormentors persevered, and at the end of four hours of excruciating and accumulating torments, he offered to confess anything they would suggest. Not satisfied with a confession which by the usages of Spain gave up his whole property to the Holy Office, the judges put him to the rack again, and by still more refined and delicate torture forced from him a terrible oath that he would live

and die a Catholic, and would defend that form of faith at the risk of his life against every enemy, on pain of being burned to death. He was then cut down from the rack, placed on a hurdle, and conveyed to his formed dungeon, where the surgeon had to set his broken limbs, and swathe his lacerated flesh. A little light was now let into his cell; but ten weeks elapsed before he could be lifted from his bed of pain.

Neither George himself nor those who were nursing him back to life, expected that he would quit his cell for any other purpose than to make a holiday for the Sevillian mob. Near to his dungeon lay the public square in which heretics, Jews, and Moors, were burnt in honour of Holy Church. To that infamous square, every man condemned by the Inquisition, and whether he confessed his sins or not, was always led; and George supposed that when his limbs were strong enough to bear his weight, he would be marched like others to the place of death.

He could not know as yet how strong of arm, how quick to save, his country was becoming, since the Stuart dynasty was put away.

Captain Penn, while cruising off the coast of Munster, ran down a prize called the *St. Patrick*

bound for Bilboa in Spain, on board of which he found among his prisoners, Don Juan de Urbina, secretary to the Spanish Viceroy of the Low Countries. Penn seized this great official, and stripping him naked, thrust him into the hold. Don Juan talked big, as men like him are apt to do; and Señor Bernardo, Philip's envoy in London, made complaints to the Council of the insult offered to a man of such high birth and such official rank. Of course, apologies were made; the Don was put into softer hands; and Admiral Swanley was instructed to inquire into the conduct of Captain Penn. Then came out the facts. If such act of wild justice could not be openly maintained, the tale of George's suffering went to the nation's heart. Don Juan was sent home in another ship, but the prisoner of the Holy Office, in whose cause he had been seized, was snatched from the burning pile.

So soon as "Uncle George" could walk, he was fetched from his cell in the Inquisition by the seven judges and their households; robed in the San Benito, and carried in the midst of a great procession of monks and priests through the streets of Seville, to the cathedral church. In this church a scaffold was raised, up which they made him mount, so that every eye could see him, as his sentence

was slowly read by the secretary of the Inquisition. That sentence opened in the usual way. The prisoner was a heretic; his goods were confiscated; his wife was taken from him; but for certain reasons his life was to be spared. He was pardoned by holy Church; but he was driven out from Spain for ever; his wife was given to a good Catholic for the salvation of her soul; and he was threatened with fire and fagot should he fall away from his newly-adopted faith.

While the three children of Captain Penn were growing up at Wanstead, Penn was getting rich and rising to higher rank. His prizes yielded him a great deal more than he got in pay; and some of this money he laid out in land. At twenty-three he was Rear-admiral in the Irish Sea; at twenty-five he was Vice-admiral; and at twenty-nine, under the Commonwealth, he was sent as Vice-admiral into the Straits of Gibraltar, the ports and cities of which he had known from his earliest years.

Great changes were taking place on land, of which he took but distant note. Charles Stuart, for whom his father had bought hawks and horses, had lost his crown and life. The hero of Dunbar and Worcester was lord of all. But the change from parliament to protector wrought no change in

Vice-admiral Penn, who stuck to his duties and avoided politics. When Cromwell announced to the fleet that he had taken the reins of power into his own hands, Penn was one of the first to send in his adhesion, with that of all the officers under his command.

For the next few years the hand of genius was felt in every department of the administration. While the great powers of the State were in conflict, Spain had treated us with haughty disdain,—France had insulted us at every turn,—even Holland fancied we were no longer worthy of her ire. But Cromwell's arms soon taught them better. Ireland punished and Scotland pacified, he turned his resolute face towards Holland, France, and Spain. The Dutchman lay the nearest and had most provoked his wrath; but Holland was pre-eminently a naval power, and in dealing with her his invincible infantry was of little use. Genius finds its own resources. Resolved to infuse into the navy, as he had already done into the army his own heroic spirit, he employed in his fleet two captains of his camp, Blake and Monk; but these officers, though filled with an energy of spirit like his own, were in a great measure ignorant of the sea. All that courage, activity, and resolution could do he expected them to ac-

comply; but he saw the necessity of placing by the side of these soldiers a worthy sea captain, and for this important post he selected the young Admiral of the Straits. The Lord Protector knew that Penn was not attached to his person and government; but he needed his services; and seeing that Penn was a worldly man, and of the earth most earthy, he supposed that pensions and honours could secure his sword, if not his heart. What Cromwell wanted was his sword. Vice-admiral Penn had no objection to fight the countrymen of his wife. He was a sailor, as he used to say, and must be faithful to his flag.

When peace was made with Holland, Cromwell turned to Spain, the old and strenuous enemy of his country. England had a thousand scores to settle with the Spanish court; and two great expeditions were prepared in silence in the spring of 1655; one expedition, under Sea-general Blake, to act in Europe, sweep the Spanish coasts, and fight the Spanish fleets wherever he could find them; while a second expedition was to cross the ocean, search the Spanish main, alarm the coasts and islands, take possession of San Domingo and St. John's—if possible,—and seize some portion of the continent, such as Cartagena.

Cromwell meant to break the power of Spain at sea and in the west.

Penn had served as Vice-admiral under Blake, who was a Somersetshire man, and it was perhaps on Blake's suggestion that the second fleet was placed under Penn's command. Before he went on board the young Vice-admiral made his terms with Cromwell. Penn wanted money and he wanted rank. Both were heaped upon him by the Lord Protector. Under the pretence that an estate which Penn had bought near Cork had suffered by the civil war, Cromwell wrote a letter with his own hand to the Irish commissioners, requesting that, in consideration of good and faithful service to the Commonwealth, lands of the full yearly value of three hundred pounds should be surveyed and set apart for Admiral Penn in a convenient place, near a castle or other fortified place for their better security, and with a good house for him to live in. Cromwell made a special, even a personal, request that his Irish agents would obey this order in such a way as to leave no cause of trouble to either the Admiral or his family; so that they might enjoy the full benefit of this reward in peace while the gallant sailor was engaged in fighting his country's battles in a distant sea. This matter settled, there was

nothing but the question of professional rank. Cromwell gave the young Admiral his heart's desire by raising him to the same high rank as Blake. Penn was the only regular sailor who was made a General of the Fleet.

A few days after Penn set sail from Spithead, with these rewards and honours fresh about him, he despatched a secret offer to Prince Charles, then living at Cologne, to place the whole of his great fleet and army at the prince's disposal, if his highness would indicate a port in which they would be received.

Ever watching for a chance to rise, Sea-general Penn observed when Cromwell's fame was highest, that he stood upon his personal merit, while the nation was rather Royalist than Oliverian. The Lord Protector could not live for ever; after him would come a feeble youth; and then the Commonwealth might fall. In falling it would crush the men who served it; but, for his part, he would not be crushed. Penn cared no more, in truth, for Charles than Oliver. The man for whom he toiled was Admiral Penn; and with a view to the security of Admiral Penn he sent that secret message to Cologne.

Charles thanked the sailor for his message, and

he kept his eye on Penn in after days, but for the moment he declined to act. Charles had no ports in which he could receive his ships, no funds to pay the seamen, nothing for a fleet to do, unless, like Rupert, he was minded to embark in a piratical cruise. He told the young Sea-general to complete his voyage, and keep his loyalty for a better time. The exiled court were glad to see the Commonwealth at war with Spain, for they were eager to make friends in Seville and Madrid. Penn's message, though they had to pass it by, was welcome as a sign of disaffection in the service, and supposing that the offer would be made again, they moved the King of Spain, as the most powerful enemy of their country, to allow them one of his ports in which to gather up their fleet.

Though Cromwell knew about the offer, and the answer to it, he was silent in the Council, and allowed the fleet from Portsmouth to proceed upon her voyage.

The expedition failed. Venables, who commanded the army (and was also offering to desert his flag), was beaten under the walls of San Domingo, and but for the rapid march and onset of a body of sailors, sent by Penn to his assistance, would have been completely mauled. On falling back from

Hispaniola the men were so incensed by the failure, that Penn resolved to attack the island of Jamaica, which he conquered and annexed to England at a very slight sacrifice of life.

Sea-general Penn was struck with the resources and the beauties of this island, which in after years he made a subject of his constant talk. A keen examination of the soil and climate, gave him an idea of parting with his Irish lands and laying out his money in the new plantation.

But on Penn's return the Lord Protector was in angry mood, affecting to regard the failure of his great design as due to the incompetency of his chiefs. Land-general Venables threw the blame on Sea-general Penn; Sea-general Penn threw the blame on Land-general Venables. For reasons which he kept a secret, Cromwell bade his pliant council strip them of their several offices and dignities, and send them under escort to the Tower.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE (1655—1661).

ADMIRAL PENN'S arrest (September 20, 1655) threw his family affairs into confusion. Margaret was at Wanstead with the younger children, Peg and Richard. William was at school in Chigwell. Uncle George had just arrived with proofs of his great losses by the Inquisition: twelve thousand pounds, besides his house, his business, and his wife. He was expecting Admiral Penn to aid him with the Lord Protector, but instead of finding his famous brother powerful at Whitehall, he found him fretting in a dungeon of the Tower.

Margaret fetched her son William to Wanstead, where he fell into a low and feverish state of mind. One day a sort of vision came to him. Sitting in his room he was surprised by a strange feeling in his heart, and by as strange a radiance in his

chamber. What it was that filled his veins and flashed into his eyes he could not tell. He was not yet eleven years old. But as he sat alone, in wretched mood, and in a darkish room, he felt a joyous rush of blood along his veins, and saw his chamber fill with what he called a soft and holy light. It was a vision and a visitation. What it meant he could not say; but that he felt the sudden joy and saw the sacred light, he knew and held so long as he could know and hold by any incident of his early life.

The Admiral made every effort to procure his freedom. He was soon aware that he must pay a heavy price for his enlargement. He must crave a pardon from the Lord Protector; he must formally confess his faults; he must surrender his commission as General of the Fleet; he must quit the service of his country. Nor were these conditions all. He was to live in future at his Irish house, near Cork, and was to have no share in the great distribution of Jamaica lands. Unable to do better, he was forced to sign these terms; the Tower was killing him; but on resigning his commission to the Lord Protector he was set at large. Five weeks in the Tower had all but fretted him to death.

Impoverished and dismissed—no longer paid as

General of the Fleet—no longer ranked as claimant to a share of the Jamaica lands—no longer suffered to remain near London, Penn broke up his house at Wanstead, gathered in his little folk, and sailed, a poor and discontented man, for county Cork. Macroon, his future home, a town on the river Sullane, twenty miles west of Cork, had been the property of Lord Muskerry, one of the most vigorous partizans of Charles in Ireland. When the royal cause was lost, Macroon was seized by the victorious Roundheads, and the castle and estate were given by Cromwell's order to his "faithful" servant, Admiral Penn. The Lord Protector's policy in Ireland was to plant in every shire an English colony, and when he gave a patch of land to any favourite, he was careful that it should be near a castle or a fort. Macroon was strong enough to shield an English colony. A troop of horse and company of foot were stationed in the town, and Penn had been authorised and expected to send out a body of skilful husbandmen. His term of power had been too short for much to have been done; but some few English had arrived whose industry had much increased the worth of Cromwell's gift.

For more than three years Admiral Penn resided with his wife and little ones at Macroon, engaged

in planting his estate. His eldest son, to whom this planting was a lesson of immense importance, was a bright and forward lad from twelve to fifteen years of age. Though tall and slim the boy was firmly knit. He liked to run and ride, to scull and sail, and had a passionate delight in country sports. In things of business he was almost like a man.

Besides the castle, town, and manor of Macroon, Penn held the neighbouring castle, town, and manor of Killcrea, the whole containing many thousand acres of good land, with much convenient wood. He bought more land from Roger Boyle, his friend and neighbour, whom he joined in drinking secret healths to Charles. He also prayed Lord Henry Cromwell, son of Oliver, for leases of some districts near his property, alleging that he wished to tenant them with English hands. With sure and patient toil, assisted by his active son, who seemed to have a natural bent that way, the Admiral improved his lands; here mending roads, there forming nurseries, in a third place planting gardens, in a fourth place building farms. In three years the estate had risen in rental from something like three hundred pounds a-year to eight hundred and fifty-eight pounds a-year.

Good tutors were in plenty at Macroon and

Cork, and Penn the Younger made such rapid progress in his learning that at fifteen he was ripe for Oxford, and the Admiral, on talking with his friends, Ormonde and Boyle, resolved that he should go to Christ Church.

This matter was arranged in 1659; a year of many changes in the Admiral's prospects. Cromwell died. So soon as sure intelligence of his death arrived in county Cork the Admiral put himself into correspondence with his royalist friends, Boyle and Ormonde; but on seeing how affairs went on in London they concluded that it would be well to wait events and not commit themselves by any overt act. They had not long to wait. Six months sufficed to wear out Richard Cromwell's force, and when the news of his deposition reached Macroom, Penn threw away his mask, declared for Charles the Second, and immediately set out for the Low Countries to kiss his master's hand.

Charles was so glad to see the Admiral that he knighted him on the spot, and promised him his lasting favour. Penn returned to England, where he found himself, on Monk's suggestion, called to serve in parliament, with his old comrade, Sea-general Montagu, for the town of Weymouth. When the resolution for recalling Charles the Second was

adopted by the two houses, Montagu was named commander of the royal fleet, and Penn took ship with him, in order to be one among the first to throw himself at his future sovereign's feet.

The King was kind to him; but Charles had friends much closer to his heart than Admiral Penn. Among these closer friends was Lord Muskerry, his father's partizan, whom he had recently created Earl of Clancarty. Lord Clancarty's house was that Macroom which Penn had been improving with his capital and skill. The King was fixed on giving Lord Clancarty all that he had lost; the Penns must therefore quit Macroom. His Majesty was pleased to say that they should have some other lands; but they must leave at once, in order that Clancarty might go home in peace. To soften this hard blow, the King appointed Penn a Commissioner of the Navy, with a salary of five hundred pounds a-year, and lodgings in Navy Gardens, and he promised to make the Lords Justices of Ireland find among the forfeited estates of Roundheads something that would more than pay him for his losses in Macroom.

Lady Penn being housed in her fine lodgings at the Navy Gardens, Admiral Penn was happy, though he had to keep a wistful eye on the Irish lands. He

gave good dinners, kept high company, resorted, as the fashion led him, to the playhouse and the cockpit. Lady Penn set up her coach. The Admiral, who had been a Puritan among the Puritans, became a roystering blade with the returning Cavaliers. He supped at the Dolphin and the Three Crowns, took the comedians into his favour, lived on easy terms with the play-writers, and paid his compliments to every pretty hussy on the stage. Dick Broome, the profligate author of "The Jovial Crew," became a guest in his house. Pepys calls this libeller "Sir William's poet;" and the Navy Gardens were a scene for romps and jinks that faintly echoed the festivities of Whitehall.

Sir William followed in the wake of greater men, for he was bent on rising in the world. His Irish friends were gaining great rewards from Charles. Boyle was created Earl of Orrery, and named Lord President of Munster. Ormonde, with the higher grade of marquis, was become Lord Steward of the Household and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Penn was made Governor of the town and Captain of the fort of Kinsale; a post which gave him the title of Admiral of Ireland, with fees amounting to four hundred pounds a-year. Penn had therefore gained in these two offices of Naval Commissioner and

Governor of Kinsale nine hundred pounds a-year from the grateful King. But Charles, who wished to bind him closer to his person, wrote with his own hand to the Lords Justices in Dublin that a good estate, of equal value to the one restored to Lord Clancarty, must be set aside for Penn in county Cork, as near as might be to his port and castle of Kinsale.

When Admiral Penn had put his house in order, he was anxious that his son,—whose talents seemed to him of the finest order, and whose love of business and open-air exercises promised to make him a man of active habits and worldly ambition,—should proceed to the University. In October Penn the Younger went to Oxford, where he matriculated as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church. Oxford was then the seat of wit as well as of scholarship. In the chair of the Dean sat the famous controversialist, Doctor John Owen, soon to become an object of royalist persecution. South, too long repressed, had now obtained a hearing, and, as Orator to the University, he was preparing those sermons which are still regarded by lovers of old literature as models of grace. Jack Wilmot too was there, scattering about him those gleams of wit and devilry which in after-life endeared the Earl of Rochester to

his graceless King. Most notable of all the ornaments of Oxford was John Locke—an unknown student of Christ Church, devoting in a sequestered cloister his serene and noble intellect to the study of medicine. Being twelve years older than Penn, it is not probable that these two men contracted more than a casual acquaintance at Christ Church; but in later life they met again—rivals in legislation, and mediators for each other in the hour of need.

Penn, entering on his academical career under the auspices of the King and Duke of York, obtained a good position in the circle of his college. As a student, he gave satisfaction to his superiors; as a boater and rider, he became a favourite with his set. His reading at this time was solid and extensive, and his acquisition of knowledge was assisted by an excellent memory. For a boy, he left Oxford well acquainted with history and theology. Of languages he had more than ordinary share. Either then or afterwards, he read the chief writers of Greece and Italy in their native tongues; and gained a thorough knowledge of French, German, Dutch, and Italian. Later in life he added to this stock of languages two or three dialects of the Red men. But his pleasure and recreation while at Christ Church was in reading the doctrinal discus-

sions to which the Puritans gave rise. The court of Charles had infected the higher classes of society before the Restoration actually took place; and that mixture of vice and wit, politeness and irrelegion, which was soon to characterise the youth of England, was already turning the University into a den of rakes and dupes. There were not wanting protests. Many of the young men there collected had in early youth some better notion of religion and morality,—and they resisted every attempt, to introduce a more lax and courtly ceremonial into the services of the Church.

Dr. Owen, made Dean of Christ Church by order of Parliament in 1653, was ejected from his office to make room for Dr. Reynolds; a change intended, among other things, to prepare for the introduction of a more picturesque ritual than had latterly been in use. This measure was unpopular with the Puritan students, and Owen kept up a constant correspondence with the members of his college, in which he incited them to remain firm in their rejection of papistical rites. Under his high sanction, many of them opposed the innovations of the court. William Penn stood foremost. From the trials of his Uncle George he had learnt to loathe the practices of a persecuting Church. Yet it was not without pain

that Penn found his conscience at war with the princes whom his father delighted to serve. From the frequent references to these times made by him in after-life, it is evident that his sufferings were acute. As the light of truth dawned on his mind he was surprised and terrified to find how dark all was outside. Everywhere, to use his own expression, he saw that a reign of darkness and debauchery was commencing; and his hope for the future came to lie in a vague, romantic fancy, that a virtuous and holy empire, free from bigotry and from the formalism of a State religion—might be founded in that far-off Western World which had so often formed a topic at his father's hearth. In this fancy his mind discovered a real "opening of joy."

While the quarrel of Cavalier and Puritan was raging at Oxford, an obscure person, named Thomas Loe—a layman of that city—took to preaching a new doctrine which was taught by one George Fox. The neglect of forms and ceremonies in the ritual of the Friends, as the New People called themselves, attracted Penn and others, who like him were in revolt against the restoration of popish usages; and going to hear the preaching of this strange word, the young men got excited, and returned to hear. Their absence from chapel was noticed; their superi-

ors became alarmed; the young defaulters were arraigned and fined. This indignity drove them wild; and as the fines were laid at the moment when a new rule about college gowns came out, the youngsters banded themselves together to oppose the orders of the court by force. They marched through the streets. They not only refused to wear the new gown, but declared war against all who put it on. In the gardens of Christ Church, in the quadrangles of colleges, they set upon the courtly youths and tore the vestments from their backs. In these affairs young Penn was always in the front; and on the facts being proved against him he was censured and expelled.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD (1661—1666).

ON hearing of his son's offence of Non-conformity, the Admiral was deeply grieved. The world was going well with him. He was a Naval Commissioner, a Member of Parliament, Governor of Kinsale, Admiral of Ireland, a Member of the Council of Munster, and a favourite of the Duke of York. The King was kind to him and something more. The Lords Justices had found him an estate in Shangarry Castle, county Cork. An English peerage lay within his reach, and in his choice of title he had fixed his mind on Weymouth, the port for which he sat in parliament. That such a lad as his son William, with his love of sport and business, should

become a ranter and a mystic, was so droll a fancy, that the Admiral could only laugh it off. Yet he was troubled with reports from Oxford, and his rivals at the Navy Gardens noted with a secret joy his clouded brow, his wistful manner, and his silent tongue.

The boy was brought to London, to the Navy Gardens, in the hope that a course of hard dining and late dancing might do him good. His mother, Lady Penn, was of a merry mood, and Peg, his sister, was a perfect romp. Sir William kept a pleasant table; entertained the best of company; enjoyed a supper at the Bear, and was a frequent visitor in the pit of Drury Lane. Broome's comedy of the "Jovial Crew," a satire on the Puritans, was then being acted at the old Cock-pit, and Sir William took his son to see it. "To the theatre," writes Pepys under date of November 1, 1661, "to see the Jovial Crew. At my house Sir William sent for his son, William Penn, lately come from Oxford." William Penn was not corrected in his notions by the Jovial Crew.

Sir William tried all courses with his son. He shut him up; he took him to the play; he had him whipt; he joked and laughed at him; he treated him with silent rage. But nothing he

could do prevailed. The boy continued in a low and serious frame of mind; he shunned society; he sang no ballads; nay, he even gave up dog and gun. He wrote to Dr. Owen, who replied to him, as to a favourite pupil; and the young man could not be induced, by dice and cards, by plays and suppers, to admit that he was wrong in resisting the King's commands about wearing the college gown.

Yet every one who came near Penn observed that he was strong in wit and purpose, even as he was soft of face. Every one liked him, and spoke well of him; and of those who knew him well, the Admiral loved him most. To quarrel with this favourite, more than was needful for his good, was what the scheming Admiral had neither will nor power to do; and after giving much thought to what he ought to try he changed his method of proceeding with his son. It occurred to him that the best way to withdraw a young man from sombre thought and inferior company would be to send him to the gay capital of France. His son had not yet seen the world;—he proposed to him to set out immediately for Paris. Some of his college friends were going into France to study, and it was soon arranged that he should join them. Some of these young men were of the highest rank, and

every door in France would open to their knock. At Paris, where they stayed a few weeks only, Penn was presented to Louis Quatorze, and became a welcome guest at court. There he made the acquaintance of Robert Spencer, son of the first Earl of Sunderland, and Lady Dorothy Sydney—sister of the famous Algernon Sydney. France was very gay, and in a few weeks William Penn forgot the gravity of his life. Returning late one night from a party, he was accosted in the dark street by a man who shouted to him in angry tones to draw and defend himself. At the same moment a sword gleamed past his eyes. The fellow would not listen to reason. Penn, he said, had treated him with contempt. He had bowed his head and taken off his hat in salutation:—his courtesy had been slighted, and he would have satisfaction made to his wounded pride. In vain the young Englishman protested he had not seen him,—that he could have no motive for offering such an insult to a stranger. The more he showed the absurdity of the quarrel, the more enraged his assailant grew; he would say no more—the only answer which he deigned was a pass with his rapier. Penn's blood was now stirred; and whipping his sword from its scabbard, he stood to the attack. There was but little light; yet several

persons were attracted by the clash of steel; and a number of roysterers gathered round to see fair play. A few passes proved that Penn was the more expert swordsman; and a dexterous movement threw the French gallant's blade into the air. He might have run the man through, and those who gathered round the combatants expected him to do so. Penn picked up the fallen sword, and gave it back with his politest bow.

On hearing how his son was living at Paris, Admiral Penn felt glad that he was far away from Puritans like John Owen and Quakers like Thomas Loe. He thought of a career in life for him, and spoke to Ormonde on the subject. Ormonde said the lad would make a soldier, and the Admiral fixed his mind on the career of arms. But William was too young for life in camp, and he had much as yet to learn from books. He must be sent to school. His father, therefore, made arrangements with Professor Amyrault of Saumur, on the river Loire, to board and teach him, and in sunny Anjou Penn the Younger spent the two years which he should have passed in Oxford, reading the classics and the fathers, pondering over theological mysteries, and mastering the poetry, the language, and the history of France.

At nineteen years of age he left Saumur and passed through Switzerland into Italy. Spencer was a companion of his travels, and in some part of his journey he fell in with Spencer's uncle, Algernon Sydney, then in exile, and became at once his pupil and his friend.

In the summer days of 1664, while William Penn was not yet twenty years of age, he was recalled to London by his father, who was no less eager to see him back on private than on public grounds.

Uncle George, who had been teasing Charles for justice several years, died before his case was heard in council, leaving to his younger brother all his claims on Spain. Poor George had trudged from park to lodge, waylaying Charles and James, and forcing them to hear his complaints, until the King, who knew that he had suffered grievous wrongs, proposed to send him to Madrid as envoy to the court of Philip the Fourth. If George were in Madrid, as envoy from his sovereign, justice might be done to him; but the appointment was hardly made before the sufferer died; when all his claims against the Spanish Crown devolved on Admiral Penn—a vast addition to his cares and a perpetual drain upon his purse. The sum originally seized at San Lucar

was twelve thousand pounds in English money. Twenty-one years had passed, and as the price of money in the south of Spain was ten or twelve per cent, the claim had grown from twelve to forty thousand pounds. If Penn demanded less he would be moderate. This affair required attention which the Admiral could not give. Sir William was in fact at sea.

So soon as Charles the Second was restored the Dutch revived their ancient dream of naval supremacy, and their pretensions had at length outwearied the patience of Whitehall. War was declared. James, Duke of York, Lord Admiral of England, divided his fleet into three squadrons, one of which he gave to Prince Rupert, a second to Lord Sandwich, and the third he kept in hand. Not one of these commanders had ever directed a great naval fight; not one was qualified, by experience and ability, to contend against veterans like De Ruyter and De Witt. Sandwich was a soldier, Rupert a freebooter, and James, though he had distinguished himself under Turenne, was yet a stranger to the quarterdeck. It was not safe to trifle with such seamen as the Dutch. James wanted the best captains, the best sailors in the kingdom, and in spite of Sandwich's jealousy and Rupert's rage, the

royal Duke consulted Admiral Penn. Sir William Penn advised him to employ in his service the old and dauntless captains of the Commonwealth. "Take no notice of their religion, and I will answer for their courage," said Penn. The Duke of York had strength enough to resist the royalist clamour when this advice was known; and many of Blake's old captains were appointed to commands by James. That all the benefit of Penn's skill and courage might be given to his country Penn was named Great Captain Commander, and ordered to take his station on the Duke's flagship, to direct the most important movements of the fleet.

While he was thus employed at sea, Sir William thought it well to have his son at home; in part to watch the family affairs in Cork, in part to save him from arrest in France. The French were leaning towards alliance with the Dutch, and if the treaty, then in secret preparation, should be signed, a hostage like the Admiral's eldest son was very likely to be seized. As fast as post could carry him Penn returned from Italy through Savoy, and arrived about the middle of August, 1664, at the Navy Gardens, to the great delight of Peg and Lady Penn.

The boy was nearly twenty years of age; but

what a change from the moody, silent lad who went from home two years ago! He had a fine outside; a little over-fine, some critics said. "A most modish person," little Mr. Pepys exclaimed; "grown a fine gentleman." He wore French pantaloons; he carried his rapier in the French mode; he doffed his hat on going into a room. His French was perfect, and he spoke like one who had seen the Alps and the Italian cities. "Something of learning he has got," wrote Pepys, "but a great deal, if not too much of the vanity of the French garb, and affected manner of gait and speech." In person he had grown into a graceful, strong, and handsome man. His face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty; his eye was soft and full; his brow was open and ample; his features, well defined, approached the ideal; and the lines about his mouth were sweet, yet firm. Like Milton, he wore his hair long and parted in the centre of the forehead, from which it fell over his neck and shoulders in massive ringlets. In mien and manner he was formed by nature, stamped by art—a gentleman.

The Admiral took care to drop all reference to the past. To lessen what was still the risk of a return to old companions, he kept the young man constantly engaged. He carried him to the gallery

at Whitehall,—presented him to great persons,—made him pay court visits. The Navy Gardens rang with feast and jollity, for Peg was now growing up, and Lady Penn was more inclined for merriment than ever. Sir William placed his son as a student at Lincoln's Inn, that he might acquire some scraps of law. Allowing him no leisure to indulge in idle fancies, he employed him on the King's business and in his own private affairs. There seemed no fear that he would now go wrong.

Then came the crisis of the war. On the 24th of March, 1665, the Duke of York, accompanied by Penn as Great Captain Commander, and many great person's went on board the *Royal Charles*. The younger Penn was on his father's staff, and saw during the few days he remained at sea some service between the Dutch and English fleets. Meanwhile his mother and the ladies left behind in the Navy Gardens kept high jinks. "Going to my Lady Batten," says Pepys, "there found a great many women with her, in her chamber, merry; my Lady Penn and her daughter among others, when my Lady Penn flung me down on the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were." Admiral Batten was on board the fleet with Admiral Penn. The little Clerk of the Acts

was the only man left in the Navy Gardens to make pastime for these merry wives. Dick Broome himself could hardly have imagined a more "jovial crew."

On Sunday, twenty-third day of April, 1665, Penn the Younger landed at Harwich with despatches from the Duke of York to Charles, and from Sir William Coventry to Lord Arlington, Secretary of State. He pressed for horses, as the Duke of York's instructions to him were—that he should get on shore, should ride as hard as horse could carry him, should go at once to the King's apartments, and should make a full report of what was being done at sea. By tearing on all night Penn reached Whitehall before the sun was up, and finding that the King was still in bed, he sent a message to Lord Arlington, who rose at once and passed into his master's bed-room. Charles leaped up on hearing that despatches from the Duke were come, and running into the ante-room, met William Penn. "Oh, it's you! How is Sir William?" Having read the Duke's letter, chatted with the messenger, and asked about Sir William several times, Charles bade the youth go home and get to bed.

In June the fight came off; a striking victory for the English flag; a glory reaped by James, as first

in rank, but which his royal highness was too frank in spirit not to share with Admiral Penn. In the same month the plague broke out in London, and the havoc wrought by this disease was chiefly in the districts lying round the Tower. It was a thing to make the merriest romp in the Navy Gardens pause.

When Admiral Penn came home, he was annoyed to see how great a change this plague had wrought in his eldest son. The youth was grave and silent; he had left off speaking French; had ceased to carry his hat in hand; and all but ceased to show himself at court. His days were spent in reading, and the friends who came to him were men of sober life. Again the Admiral's hopes, now nearer fruit than ever, were in check. What could he do with such a moody youth? Suppose the lad turned ranter? He had tried the "Jovial Crew" before. A good idea struck him. William might be sent to Ireland; first to Dublin, where the Duke of Ormonde would be glad to see him; afterwards to Shangarry Castle, where there was much for him to do, not only on his family estate, but in his office at Kinsale.

To Ireland he was sent. In order to provide

him with abundant work, he was appointed Clerk of the Cheque at Kinsale harbour, and encouraged to believe that if he felt inclined to enter His Majesty's service he might get his father's company of foot.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND SON (1666—1667).

THE Penns were fond of county Cork, in which they had already spent some years, and as their new estate—when it was free to them—would be larger than any one they could hope to buy in either Somerset or Essex, Admiral Penn was scheming for a settlement of his family in that picturesque and fertile shire. His kinsmen wished him to recover Penn's Lodge near Minety; but the place was small, and he had grown too great for the ambition of a country squire. His house at Chigwell was too paltry for the dignity of a peer. Shangarry Castle, with the lands which had been set apart for him at Rostillon and Inchy, gave him what he could not find in England,—an address, a residence, and a rental of a thousand pounds a-year. His eyes

were therefore turned towards county Cork, as likely to become his future home.

Penn sailed for Dublin; where he waited on the Duke of Ormonde. Before going down to Cork, he was to see Sir George Lane, the Irish secretary, and make as many friends as he could win at court. Lord Ossory, the Duke's eldest son, was absent from Dublin, but Lord Arran was at home, and he and William Penn became fast friends. The Duke was pleased with Penn, and in a week or two accounts were sent to the Admiral assuring him that in separating his son from his London associates he had turned the current of his thoughts. Instead of moping in his room, the youth was always in the circle, gay and bright, with pretty foreign manners, and a spirit to attempt the boldest things. The Butlers were a family of soldiers, and the pomp and circumstance of war were topmost in the thoughts of Arran and his comrades. Penn was not behind these youngsters. While he was in Dublin, waiting on the court, a mutiny took place at Carrickfergus (May, 1666), where the insurgents seized the castle and alarmed the country-side from Antrim to Belfast. To Arran was assigned the duty of suppressing this revolt, and Penn took service with his friend. The mutineers fought well, but bit by bit were driven

into the fort, and then the fort itself was stormed. Young Penn was talked of as the coolest of the cool, the bravest of the brave. Lord Arran was delighted with him; for the young swordsman of Paris had become the proud soldier of Carrickfergus; and the Duke at once wrote off to tell the Admiral he was ready to confer on his son William that command of the company at Kinsale, which they had talked about for him before the lad returned from France.

Though Penn could not be made into a boon companion, a friend of comedians, and a partner in the romps and jinks of the Navy Gardens, there was still a chance of seeing him grow up into a soldier of his country and a bearer of his cross,—a hero of the stamp of Thomas Grey. The glory won at Carrickfergus made him long to get his company. The fit was on him, and he wanted to appear at Kinsale as Captain Penn instead of Clerk of the Cheque. His zeal amused and gratified his parents; but the Admiral had begun to change his plans. Affairs were looking ill at court; Sir William saw no chance of going to sea again; and he was talking of retiring to Shangarry Castle and his government of Kinsale. If they should go to Cork, it would be well to keep the offices they had got; but if his son received

his company of foot he must lose his highly profitable Clerkship of the Cheque.

“Well, Sir,” said the Duke of Ormonde to his guest before his courtiers, “has Sir William given you his company at Kinsale?”

“He has promised it, your grace,” replied young Penn; “and your lordship has promised to favour his request when made.”

“But has he written nothing?”

“He is far from London, and is busy fitting out the fleet.”

The Admiral affected to regard his son as being too young for such a post as Captain at Kinsale. When Penn was eager, he requested him to live a “sober life,” and told him in the plainest terms he was too “young” and “rash.” Heroes of forty-five are apt to rail at heroes of twenty-two. The veteran, when he told his son not to let his “desires” outrun his “discretion,” forgot that he was himself a captain at twenty-one. Before the vision of a life in camp and field was gone for ever, Penn had himself painted with his harness on his back. It was the only portrait for which he ever sat; and thus the single record which the world possesses of a man whose name is Peace displays him in a coat of shining steel.

When he had warned his son to live a "sober" life at Kinsale, the Admiral gave him hints about doing his duty to the crown, yet making money in his office of the Cheque.

The post was one of some account. A Clerk of the Cheque had to deal with captains of ships; to keep the poll-books; and to certify the accuracy of all accounts. He had the charge of government stores and property, civil and warlike. He had to give out rations and supplies, and to see that the musters on board each ship agreed with the entries on the books. As Clerk of the Cheque Penn would live in county Cork, within easy reach of the family estate, which also needed his constant care.

Sir William's old friend, Roger, Earl of Orrery (known among the literary and scientific Boyles as poet and dramatist), was living at Cork as President of Munster, and in this able and brilliant nobleman Penn soon found a steadfast friend.

Penn resided chiefly at Kinsale, attending to the duties of his office; giving out rope and tar, paying seamen's wages, counting tallies, and living, as the Admiral wished him to live, a "sober" life. His superiors in the King's service were well pleased with him; Lord Orrery gave him the rank of Ensign in

a company of horse; and during the darker days of the Dutch war we hear of Ensign Penn running to and fro; fitting out ships, throwing chains across the harbour, rallying soldiers in the fort. It was still on the cards that William Penn might come to be Captain Penn.

While Ensign Penn was running to and fro about the business of his post, he kept an eye on his own affairs at Shangarry Castle. As in every other grant of forfeited lands, a multitude of suits sprang up; the royal warrant was disputed; and the tenant, Colonel Wallis, was a man who would not yield to either duke or king. In vain the Lords Justices showed him the King's own words. "The King has no right to give away these lands; the law alone can say if they were forfeit to the crown." Much prudence was required in dealing with Colonel Wallis, but the young and soft negotiator brought the fiery old soldier to a calmer frame of mind.

In London things were jogging on as usual. Margaret Penn had found "a servant" in Antony Lowther, of Maske, in Yorkshire; a man of good family, wealthy, and devoted to her. Sir William was either at the court, the Navy Office, or the playhouse daily, with Sir William Coventry, Ad-

miral Batten, or some other comrade, pushing his fortunes and deserving all he got. The Admiral was liked by all his equals; and enjoyed the highest favour of the King and Duke of York. Though growing old (and Pepys adds, "ugly"), Lady Penn kept up her spirits. "Supped at home, and very merry," says their garrulous neighbour, "and about nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate and there mighty merry; my Lady Penn and Peg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night; flinging our fireworks, and burning one another, and the people over the way; and at last, our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils." Even these high jinks were nothing to what came in the early hours. Pepys carried the whole party to his lodgings in the Navy Office, where they drank still more, and then began to reel and dance. Pepys and two other men put on women's clothes. They dressed the maid-servant like a boy, and got her to dance a jig. "Nan Wright, my wife, and Peg Penn," says the Navy Clerk, "put on periwigs; thus we spent till three or four in the morning; mighty merry, and then parted, and to bed." A very jovial crew!

It was in London, not at Kinsale or Dublin, that the question of the Irish lands was to be settled. The Land Commissioners, appointed by the Crown to hear the multitude of cases which had risen during twenty years of grants, confiscations, forfeitures, and restorations, were then sitting; but the Admiral had begun to feel a greater confidence in his son's tact and judgment than his own. He wrote to his son, desiring him to get the family affairs into an orderly state and then come over and see the Commissioners; at the same time giving him some worldly hints as to the conduct of the victualling department of Kinsale Castle, and begging him to make the passage in calm weather, so as to run no risk. Penn joyfully obeyed his father's summons, as he had not seen his mother and sister for a long time, and he arrived in London in the month of November. The business was arranged. After hearing evidence on both sides, the Land Commissioners confirmed the grant of Shangarry Castle to Sir William Penn.

Assured of this addition to his fortune, the Admiral was less intent about his brother George's claims. He set up several coaches; he arranged his daughter's marriage with Lowther; and in the face

of his expected barony of Weymouth, talked of buying Wanstead House.

Antony and Peg were married, rather quietly, on the 15th of February, 1667. Sir William gave his daughter a large fortune; some said fifteen thousand pounds! His cousin, John Gorges, member for Cirencester, begged him to purchase the old place in Wiltshire; but Penn's Lodge, the "genteel ancient house," was not a big one, and his thoughts were steadily directed towards the county Cork, his future home. Peg's dress and jewels were like those of a duchess; and neither the King nor the King's ministers had a coach so fine as hers.

When Peg was happily married, Penn returned to Cork, where he was wanted much. His father saw him go with pleasure; for the romps and feasts of the Navy Gardens drove him into moody ways; and in despatching him to Ireland he was thinking only of the active life awaiting him in county Cork, the duties of his office, and the care of his estate.

Soon after Penn arrived, he heard that Thomas Loe the Quaker was about to preach in Cork. He went to hear him, wondering how his riper judgment would receive the eloquence that had stirred him when at Christ Church. Loe gave out his text, "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and

there is a faith that is overcome by the world," a topic but too well adapted to his state of mind. That evening Penn became a Friend.

Attending Loe's services, he soon began to taste the cup for which he had exchanged the world. In no corner of these islands were the Quakers treated fairly, and least of anywhere in county Cork. Ignorant magistrates supposed they were the Cromwellites come back without their swords; and only to be ruled with whips and jails. On Tuesday, September 3, 1667, a meeting of these people was called in Cork; a body of police and soldiers broke upon them, took the congregation prisoners, and carried them before the mayor. On seeing in this crowd, young Ensign Penn, lord of Shangarry Castle, the mayor proposed to set him free on giving his word to keep the peace; but Penn denied that in meeting for worship, either he or any of his fellow-prisoners had been guilty of a breach of law. He would not give his word. "Unless you give bonds for your good behaviour," said the mayor, "I must commit you with the rest."

"On what authority do you act?"

"A proclamation of the year 1660," replied the mayor. Penn knew that proclamation well. It was an act against the Fifth monarchy-men; fiery

souls, with whom king-killing was not murder; and he told the mayor of Cork that these poor Quakers met to worship God, and not to pull down thrones and states. The mayor was zealous for the King, and as the heir of Shangarry Castle would not yield, he too was lodged in jail.

From his prison Penn wrote to Orrery, as President of Munster. Lord Orrery sent an order to the mayor of Cork for Penn's discharge; but the incident made known to all the gossips of Cork and Dublin that Ensign Penn, the volunteer of Carrickfergus, had taken up with a lot of ranters and canters. His reply to these scorers was an open appearance among the Friends, as one of that persecuted sect.

The Admiral's friends in Dublin wrote to warn Sir William of his son's relapse. The Admiral was beside himself with rage. Was this the end of all his arts? Recalling his son to London, where he arrived a few days before Christmas, 1667, Sir William met him with a frown, which passed away as he observed his manner and attire. The young man's bearing was polite and easy, and his dress, adorned with lace and ruffles, sword and plume, was that of gentlemen at court. But in a few days he was undeceived. Observing that his son omitted to

unbonnet, as the newest fashion was at court, the Admiral asked him what he meant.

"I am a Friend," the young man said, "and Friends take off the hat to none but God."

Then how would he behave at court? Would he, a king's officer, Ensign Penn, Clerk of the Cheque, the son of a Navy Commissioner, wear his hat in presence of his prince? Penn asked for time to think this question over.

"Why?" exclaimed the angry Admiral; "in order to consult the Ranters?"

"No, sir," said the young man softly; "I will not see them; let me go into my room."

Penn slipped aside, and after some time, spent in prayer, he came back to his father with his final word—he could not lift his hat to mortal man.

"Not even to the King and to the Duke of York?"

"No, sir; not even to the King and to the Duke of York?"

The indignant Admiral turned him out of doors.

CHAPTER VI.

HAT-HOMAGE (1667—1668).

TO live an easy life and wear the coronet of an English peer? To pass through shadows and to dwell with the despised of men? Such was the choice now offered to the young swordsman of Paris, the modish gentleman of the Navy Gardens, and the volunteer of Carrickfergus. Was it craze of mind which led him to offend a generous father, to renounce a pleasant home, and sacrifice his prospects in the court, about some scruple as to taking off his hat? A man of sense might think so, if this lifting of the hat were all. But lifting, and not lifting, of the hat was very far from being all. It was a sign, and one of many signs.

With us to raise the hat is easy; we are used to it. Our hats are made for lifting, and we raise

the hat in cases where our fathers would have bent the knee. Hat-homage is our social creed. But in the reign of Charles the Second it was new and strange. A hat is made to wear, not carry in your hand. Men wore their hats in house and church, as well as in the street and park. Men sate at meals in felt, and listened at a play in felt. "I got a strange cold in my head," wrote Pepys, "by flinging my hat off at dinner." Every one ate covered. Clarendon tells us that in his younger days he always stood uncovered in the presence of his elders, save at meals, when he and other lads put on their hats. A shopman stood behind the counter in his hat; a preacher mounted to the pulpit in his hat. The audience wore their hats, and only doffed them at the name of God. But with the coming in of Charles a hundred foreign follies had come in. French words, French habits, and French fashions, were the rage. Such wits as Rochester and Sedley brought in French, and fools of fashion cried at every pause of conversation, "You have reason, sir," "In fine, sir," and the like. Sir Martin Marrall in Dryden's comedy is a type of this new race of courtiers, just as Moody is a type of the Elizabethan men.

Hat-lifting, therefore, was the sign of a depraved

and foreign fashion, recently brought into England from abroad. All sober men put on their hats, while wits and foplings carried them in their hands. The homely citizen wore his beaver, and the lord-in-waiting wore a periwig. To wear the hat was English, and to take it off was French.

Even Cromwell had been puzzled how to act towards those who wedded such a doctrine as non-resistance to that of the inner light. What was he to do with men who would not meet him foot to foot, yet claimed to be a law unto themselves? How could he manage men who told him they would not accept his rule, yet offered him their cheeks and necks to smite? A sword that cut a path through Naseby field was useless in the presence of this unresisting force. He tempted them with smiles, with gifts, with places, but these simple souls would have no part in him and in his rule. "Now," said he, "I see there is a people risen whom I cannot win." These Friends were men of peace. If what they did was wrong, they took upon their backs the burden of that sin. Such sects as Levellers and Anabaptists he could meet as sword encounters sword; but with the Quakers there was nothing he could strike. They courted stripes and chains. They bowed their heads to fine and

sentence; taking his decrees as so much penance laid on them in love. They would not fly before his troops, and if he wished to kill them they were ready for the cross. However fixed his purpose, they were not less fixed in theirs—to weary out and overcome his strength.

The system of these Friends was one of State affairs as well as Church affairs; announcing that all men are equal before the laws; that all men have a right to express opinions; that all men have a right to worship God according to their conscience; not because such and such things were done by ancient tribes; not because it is well to have certain balances and checks; but on account of the inward, independent, indestructible light in every human soul. Each man is a separate power, and therefore has a separate right. This system met with bold denial every claim of prince and pope to curb the individual will, and every claim of prelate and inquisitor to search the individual mind. It held that every man's own light—his conscience or his reason—is the safest guide. To doff the hat, to bend the knee, to call a man by such vain names as lord and prince, was sin against the Lord and Prince of heaven. For God, the Friends declared, had made men peers, and setting up

these marks of separation was dividing men without a cause, and trifling with the noblest work of God.

To a young man holding such a gospel what was a baron's coronet—what a seat in the House of Lords?

Shut out from his home in the Navy Gardens at the age of twenty-three, Ensign Penn was not left to starve in the streets. Lady Penn sent him money from her private purse. His new friends made him welcome in their homes; for this young soldier came amongst these pious people as a brand plucked out of a burning fire. This time of exile from the Navy Gardens was a trial to his faith. He loved his mother and his sister Peg, the merry matron and the romping girl; and for the Admiral he entertained a high, though not unreasoning, respect. On every side he had to count some loss. With his opinions he could not hold his Ensign's rank, he could not keep his Clerkship of the Cheque. These small things had to go the way of greater things.

The set-off to his loss was not so obvious to a worldly eye, and Admiral Penn could not be made to see that he had any set-off at all to count. In giving up his rank, his office, and his home, as

well as sacrificing the hope of greater things to come, the young man felt he was obeying the summons to forsake his father and mother for a higher good. He found no comfort in the romps and revels, in the tavern dinners and the evening plays. The creed of Fox was to him a saving creed. Such men as Fox and Loe were notable for the purity of their lives. What they professed to be they were; not so the titled people whom he met in his father's haunts. At the theatre in Drury Lane, to which his mother and sister went so often, he had seen virtue mocked, and truth abused, and female modesty put to shame. The park, where his father loved to be seen, was thronged with harlots and bravoës; with women who sold their smiles and men who were ready to sell their swords. He knew that the royal palace was a nest for every crawling thing. Look where he would upon that society from which he was shut out, he saw little beyond vanity, rottenness, and death. In the highest place of all—that chamber in which, not long ago, Cromwell had poured out his soul in prayer, and Milton had pealed his organ-note—a herd of gamesters, courtesans, and duellists, diced and drank the live-long night.

A young man, pure in heart, might well turn anchoret in such a world.

The politics of Fox had also their attraction for this idealist of twenty-three. For four or five years he had been poring over Sydney's dreams. One Commonwealth had failed. He wished to see a new experiment in freedom; an experiment conducted, not by orators and soldiers acting in a worldly spirit, and with personal ends in view; but a religious and fraternal commonwealth, where every member would devote himself to God and man. Penn loved that great republican like a son, but he could never give his heart up wholly to the idea of a country governed in the pride of intellect and virtue. Fox supplied what Sydney wanted—faith in things unseen and passionate belief in individual men. Penn found that he could feel and act with both these leaders; looking up with Sydney to the free government of Pericles and Scipio, yet denying with Fox that past example is of higher use to man than inner light.

After a few months of absence from the Navy Gardens, Penn was suffered to return, but still the Admiral held aloof from his rebellious son. He would not speak to him; he would not sit at table

with him. Penn hung up his sword and coat of mail, and put into a trunk his lace and plume. He dressed in homely garments, and resigned his lucrative Clerkship of the Cheque.

CHAPTER VII.

SWORD AND PEN (1668).

ALONE in his rooms at the Navy Gardens, he who had just laid down his sword, took up his pen. While the Admiral was fighting through a court intrigue of Lord Arlington and Sir Robert Howard, as the minions of Prince Rupert, Penn was engaged in struggling with the sins and sufferings of a host of men whom he regarded as agents of the Prince of Darkness. But his only weapon was, as yet, the pen.

A startling call was made to princes, priests, and people, to examine for themselves the Quaker doctrine of the inner light, in a tract called "Truth Exalted; in a short but sure testimony against all those religious faiths and worships that have been formed and followed in the darkness of apostacy,—

and for that glorious Light which is risen and shines forth in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers, is the alone good old way of life and salvation"—a boyish piece, signed, "William Penn, whom divine love constrains in holy contempt to trample upon Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible." This kind of protest was not relished by such courtiers and buffoons as Arlington; the less so when they found how prompt the young man was to practise what he taught. In face of shrug and sneer, Penn walked among the scoffers of the Mall, his sword and feather laid aside, in simple garb, saluting those he met as thee and thou, and keeping on his hat in presence of the greatest lords. Such men of wit and rank as Rochester observed him with a pleasant smile, and bucks and bloods of lower standing were restrained from offering insult to the man of peace by what they knew of his dexterity in fence. In company with George Whitehead and Thomas Loe, he waited on the Duke of Buckingham, as one who had both power and wit to help him in his cause, and standing covered in his Grace's chamber, urged upon that flighty nobleman the policy of tolerating all opinion in the Church. The Duke sat still, while Penn denounced the stocks and pillories, to which

good men were daily sentenced for their conscience sakes, while he recited Saxon laws and Norman charters, and appealed to jurists of a later time. His Grace not only thanked his guests for coming to his house, but told them he was of their mind in such things, and would help them when he could. Not much was to be got from the mercurial Duke. They went to Arlington, Secretary of State, but Arlington, who was angry with the Admiral, put these Quakers to the door.

A few weeks after "Truth Exalted" saw the light of day, the writer gave his second essay in polemics to the world. One Jonathan Clapham, Rector of Wramplingham, in Norfolk, had abused the Quakers in "A Guide to True Religion," with grotesque severity. Penn answered Clapham in "The Guide Mistaken," an extremely fierce and personal piece of writing, such as the religious public loved to read. All writing was in that day highly spiced; the plays with an indecent wit, the sermons with ridiculous compliments, the controversies with personal spite. In following up the fashion of his time, Penn always called a fool a fool. His nights and days were therefore full of strife, and in these early times, before his spirit had been tempered by the Tower and Newgate to a softer

wisdom, he was rather Ensign Penn than Quaker Penn.

At this time—summer time of 1668—there lived in Spital Fields a minister of good repute named Thomas Vincent, once a student of Christ Church, Oxford, afterwards a chaplain to Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, and pastor of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street. He had been ejected from his living at the Restoration, and had afterwards obtained a pulpit in Spital Yard. This Vincent was a sound scholar and an eloquent, though a coarse divine. Now two of Vincent's hearers, happening to stray from Spital Yard chapel to a Quaker meeting-house in the city, out of simple eagerness to know what people like the Children of Light could say for themselves, were caught, as Penn himself had been caught by Thomas Loe. These followers of Vincent left his chapel in Spital Yard, on which he turned in wrath on the seducers of his people, calling them blasphemers, hypocrites, and schismatics, and denouncing them to his flock as worthy of the fiery pit. For Vincent, though a good and worthy man, employed the controversial language of his time.

These violent words inflamed the Friends, and two of their recognised chiefs, the aged George Whitehead and the youthful William Penn, repaired

to Spital Yard to ask from Thomas Vincent, as their right, a time and place where in the presence of his congregation they might answer his attacks. At first the minister of Spital Yard refused, but on their suit being pressed more warmly he consented on condition that they left the choice of time and place to him. To this condition Whitehead and Penn agreed, when Vincent named a certain evening as the time, and his own pulpit as the place. Such controversies were a fashion of the age; as popular as plays and bull-baits, even when they turned on abstract articles of faith.

When Penn and Whitehead came to Spital Yard, attended by a body of their friends, they found the chapel densely packed by Vincent's people. Not a man could enter save the speakers, and these speakers saw too plainly that their chance of a fair hearing was but small. Yet they passed in.

George Whitehead, as the elder, rose to state his views, but Vincent took exception to this course. The better way, he said, would be for him to put questions, and for the Quakers to reply, as then the Quakers would stand condemned out of their own mouths. Penn could not see the justice of this line, but Vincent's people cried, "Yea, yea, let it be so!" Alone in that vast crowd of men, the Quakers were

obliged to yield, and let the wrangle take such form as Vincent pleased. Then Vincent rose and asked the two "blasphemers" whether they owned one Godhead, consisting in three distinct and separate forms? Whitehead and Penn asserted that the dogma so delivered by Vincent was not found in Holy Writ. Vincent answered by a syllogism. Quoting St. John, he said:—"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and these three are one." These three, he argued, "are either three manifestations, three operations, three substances, or three something else besides subsistences; but they are not three manifestations, three operations, three substances, nor anything else besides three subsistences; hence, there are three separate substances, yet only one deity." Whitehead rejected the term "subsistences" as not of scriptural authority, and wished to hear from Vincent what he meant by it—in vain. Penn laid this point before the public in a pamphlet called "The Sandy Foundation Shaken;" an attempt in author-craft which brought him into conflict with men as swift to strike as Vincent, and with greater power to hurt than the excited folks in Spital Yard.

"I found it so well writ," says Pepys, in speaking

of this pamphlet, "as I think it too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, not fit for everybody to read." Much wiser men than Pepys thought with him; for in some good people's view, to hold that God is One, is to deny that Christ is also God. While Vincent railed against "The Sandy Foundation" as a book denying Christ, he also called upon the civil power to put it down by force. This cry exactly suited Arlington, then hot in quarrel with his colleague at the Navy Office, Sir William Penn. As he had not been able to hurt the father, he seized too eagerly on any chance of injuring him through his son.

Like nearly all the pamphlets of that time, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken" was printed without a license from the Bishop of London; and the fact, however common, laid both printer and author open to proceedings by the crown. A recent act (14 Car. II. c. 33), had made it unlawful for any private person to print a book without a license; and Lord Arlington at once arrested John Derby, printer of "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," and committed him prisoner to the Gatehouse till he should disclose the author's name, submit himself to mercy, and confess his fault.

The full title of Penn's pamphlet was "The Sandy

Foundations shaken; or those so generally believed and applauded doctrines of One God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons,—the impossibility of God's pardoning sinners without a plenary satisfaction—and the justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness—refuted from the authority of Scripture testimonies and right reason by W. P. j., a builder on that foundation which cannot be removed." W. P. j. was known to stand for William Penn, junior, son of the Navy Commissioner Sir William Penn; but Arlington refrained from troubling the young writer till that gentleman put on his Quaker hat, walked down to Piccadilly, asked to see his lordship, and declared himself to be the author of that tract. He meant, he said, no harm. In printing his "Sandy Foundation Shaken" without a license he was only following where much older persons led. No writers of such pamphlets ever thought of troubling his grace of London, Bishop Henchman, for a formal leave to print their works. Of course a technical offence had been committed. If his Majesty was pleased to press the law against him, he would answer it as best he could. But Derby was an innocent partner in his fault, and therefore Penn desired to take his printer's place.

Lord Arlington was but too prompt to take him at his word. Not having power to commit under the Licensing Act, the proper course for Arlington was to have caused Penn to be carried before a justice of the peace. A magistrate could hear the charge, compare the evidence, and on confession send him to trial for a misdemeanour. Such a magistrate would have taken bail for his appearance at the sessions, and in case the bail was not sufficient might have lodged him in the Fleet. But Arlington, in his haste to wound the Admiral, called his officers, arrested Penn, and sent him off—unheard, uncharged, and uncommitted—to the Tower.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE TOWER (1668).

YOUNG Penn was carried through the City to the Tower on Wednesday afternoon the sixteenth day of December, 1668; through streets piled up with snow and in a frost the like of which few Londoners had felt before that year. The Thames was full of ice. Old men were frozen in the public squares. The Pool was almost blocked with drift, and all the rigours of an Arctic winter raged and howled about the swampy precincts of the Tower.

Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was much surprised and more alarmed to see this prisoner at the By-ward Gate. The officer who brought him in had no authority for his detention there, nor any statement of the charge against him. Robinson was asked to take him in, and hold him safe, without a

lawful warrant; asked, in fact, to keep him prisoner at his personal risk. It was an unsafe game for Robinson to play. Such acts of power as Penn's arrest were not unfrequent, and Sir John, a bold and ready fellow, had been placed in the Lieutenant's Lodgings so that points of law and right should not be raised. But Robinson had been some years in office; he was growing rich and timid; and when counting up his spoils, he trembled lest the fate of Blount and Helwys might become his own. He felt that he had kept the keys too long; he knew that villains bolder than himself were bidding for his post. A pack of hounds were hanging on his steps, and if they caught him at a slip would fasten on his heel. The great men at St. James's would not heed his cries. No promise had been kept to Helwys; none was likely to be kept with him. He must protect himself. One step beyond the line, and he might find himself, like Blount, a prisoner in the dungeon he had ruled so harshly and so long.

The nicer points of law were not within his province. He was not aware of Penn's offence; and, therefore, not aware that his offence was matter of statute-law; that the mode of proceeding was defined by a recent act; that every form prescribed in this recent act was being violated by the Secretary

of State. But if Sir John was blind to his prisoner's case, he was quick enough to see his own. As a King's officer he was bound to answer in the courts of law for every exercise of an illegal power. A judge would only hear from him one plea in bar—a lawful warrant from the King in council to restrain his prisoner. If the Admiral should seek relief in the court of King's Bench, Sir John, being called upon to produce his son, would not be suffered to reply that he was acting on a verbal message from the Secretary of State.

The fierce old sailor at the Navy Gardens was a man to dread. Sir William was a favourite with the fleet, a comrade of the Duke of York. If war should come again, he might be one of the most powerful men in England; if the King should die, he might have greater power to make and mar than twenty such comedians in high place as Arlington. A man like Admiral Penn would never pardon those who helped to heap this shame upon him in the person of his son and heir; and if the furious sailor caught such persons in his grip, he could be trusted—as Sir John supposed—to show them no more mercy than he had showed to Don Juan de Urbina, when he seized that royal secretary, stript him of his clothes, and flung him, naked and astonished, down

into the hold. Sir John sent off a messenger to beg that Arlington would give him at once a legal order to receive his prisoner.

Arlington had no more right to sign such order than Sir John himself. All warrants of commitment to the Tower were signed by the King's Council; understood as being the King in council; and unless a prisoner were concerned in some offence against his Majesty's crown and life, it was unusual to commit him to the Tower. Again, the fault of Penn was misdemeanour, not high treason, and the mode of dealing with that form of misdemeanour was prescribed by law. On looking at his hasty work, the Secretary saw that he had gone too far, unless he could convert the charge confessed by Penn into some graver matter than the publication of a pious and unlicensed book. He therefore called his coach, and braving the frosty air, drove down in person to the Tower.

Neither Lord Arlington nor Sir John Robinson was yet aware how much officials had to gain from the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance. Other sects had learned to say by rote, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the left also." Many persons said, "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." But the young Quaker took these gracious rules to heart, and strove

to wear down malice by his patient and forgiving mood. No gleam of the white passion that consumed the Admiral was likely to be seen in his converted son.

Arlington sent for Penn to the Lieutenant's house, and putting on a big black look, demanded what the paper was about which Penn had dropped that morning in Lord Arlington's room. A paper! Penn replied that he had dropped no paper in the Secretary's room.

"Come, come," urged the great man, looking bigger and blacker; "a paper had been picked up; it lay on the floor where he had stood; a paper full of rant and treason against his Majesty. The culprit would do well to own his crime and say who his confederates were. King Charles, their gracious sovereign, could be mild with young and penitent offenders; but with old and hardened sinners he was justly stern."

Penn answered that he had no paper, no confederates, no designs. He had not dropped a paper in Lord Arlington's room, and he had nothing that concerned his Majesty to confess. The book which he had written was directed against Vincent's argument, not against his Majesty's throne and life. He avowed the writing of that book, and told the

Secretary he was ready to answer for it in the courts of law.

Though baffled in his aim Lord Arlington affected to be pleased with Penn's disclaimer of the paper; and on leaving Penn at the Lieutenant's lodgings, he assured him he would go and see the King at once, when he would make the best of his case with Charles, and held out hopes that in a few hours Penn would be free to join his family at the Navy Gardens.

Driving back to Whitehall Palace, Arlington sought an interview with Charles. Harry Bennet, first and only Baron Arlington, was a man after the King's own heart—a mimic and buffoon, who heightened the effect of every wink and parody in private, by the affectation of a grave and sombre carriage in the park and street. The man had lived in Spain and caught the manner of a grandee of that formal and punctilious country; but in Charles's cabinet, among the odalisques and spaniels, he could throw his mask aside, and strut and bray, and whine and cackle, till the painted women and their royal patron shouted with delight. Young Penn—so grave of face, so plain of speech—was just the subject for a low comedian to display in such a place,—a boy who told the truth, who thee-ed and thou-ed,

who wore his hat, who quoted Saxon laws, and wanted to be put in jail.

King Charles, at all times ready to protect the favourites who amused his idle moments, took upon himself the charge of Penn's arrest as well as Derby's. But on what pretence could Penn's commitment to the Tower be justified? When all was said, the offence of printing an unlicensed pamphlet was a misdemeanour only, and the manner of proceeding with offenders was prescribed by law. The copies must be seized as evidence against the printer and his employer. The printer and his employer must be taken to a justice of the peace, who, having heard the charge, and seen the proofs, could send the case for trial in the public courts. Not one of these legal forms had been observed with Penn. Charles, lolling in his cabinet, was puzzled how to act, until a lucky thought occurred to him. Vincent was known to have called "The Sandy Foundation Shaken" a blasphemous pamphlet; meaning that Penn's denial of the "three subsistences" was blasphemy against the Son and Holy Spirit. Charles and Arlington caught the word. By virtue of his royal office, Charles was a defender of the faith, and if a book were blasphemous, the writer of it might be held his prisoner, not as chief of the State,

but as head of the Church. Yes; here was light for them—so far. A young man, who was talked about as having “turned ranter,” or some such “dreadful thing,” might be restrained for blasphemy without exciting grave remark. But there was still for Arlington the slip in point of form. No Secretary of State had power to send a prisoner to the Tower; the lawful right was in the Council; in the King, supported and advised by men appointed to their office and responsible to the law. Unless His Majesty would help him here, poor Arlington was but too well aware how much he lay exposed to future suits and fines. His Majesty would help him. Sending for the Council Register, Charles held a mock meeting of the Council—he and Arlington—and put the following entry on the book, as though the act had been done in regular course:—

At the Court at Whitehall, the 16th of December, 1668.

Present: the King's Most Excellent Majesty, etc.

The Right Hon. the Lord Arlington, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State, having this day represented to His Majesty in Council that William Penn, author of the blasphemous book lately printed, intituled, “The Sandy Foundation Shaken,” etc., had rendered himself unto His Lordship, and that thereupon, in order to His Majesty's service, he caused him to be committed to the

Tower of London, and likewise that he had caused John Derby, who printed the said book, to be sent prisoner to the Gate House; which His Majesty, well approving of, did order that the said Lord Arlington be and he is hereby authorized and desired to give directions for the continuing the said William Penn and John Derby close prisoners in the respective places aforesaid until further order.

This fraudulent entry in the Council book is to be noted for two singular facts, besides the fraud. The "Sandy Foundation Shaken" is described in it as a "blasphemous book;" not as a book alleged to be blasphemous by an opponent; but as a book which the King and lords are satisfied is blasphemous. It is not likely that either Charles or Arlington had read the book; for it was hardly out of press, and was a grave and pious work. Lord Arlington had not been bound to read it in his office, for the seizure had been caused by want of license on the title, not by matter of offence supposed to lie in the book itself. But proof was nothing to a man like Charles, who made himself accuser where he ought to have been the final judge. His next point was to make the imprisonment close. A close prisoner in the Tower was in a harder case than ordinary prisoners. He was locked up in his cell with a keeper. If a servant waited on him,

that servant was kept a prisoner too. He was but scantily supplied with fire. At fixed and early hours, his lights were all put out. He could not see a friend except by special license from the Council. He was not allowed to send for either doctor, parson, or attorney. He was not permitted to write a letter, to receive a present, to discharge a debt. He was obliged to eat the prison fare. All these restraints, by which the blackest traitors were not always bound, were to be put on Penn in order to induce unthinking people to believe that he was guilty of some serious crime.

But this mock council and this fraudulent entry, though they covered Arlington, would not cover Robinson. An act of commitment, to be legal, must be signed by several members of the Council on his Majesty's behalf. At any moment Robinson might be ordered by a judge to produce his prisoner, and he begged Lord Arlington to let him have a regular warrant, duly signed, which he could plead in bar of any action brought against him. Then, a meeting of the Council—of some pliant members of the Council—was convened in haste, on Friday, when seven members met the King, and put their signatures to the following warrant:—

At the Court at Whitehall, the 18th of December 1668.

Present: the King's Most Excellent Majesty, etc.

Whereas William Penn hath by His Majesty's particular command, signified by the Lord Arlington, principal Secretary of State, been committed prisoner to your custody for composing and causing to be printed a blasphemous treatise, intituled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," etc., and the said Lord Arlington having this day in Council acquainted His Majesty therewith, His Majesty was pleased to approve well of what by the diligence of the said Lord Arlington had been done therein, and accordingly to order that the said William Penn should remain and continue prisoner in your custody. These are therefore in His Majesty's name to charge and require you to keep and detain close prisoner within that His Majesty's Tower of London the person of the said William Penn, until His Majesty's pleasure shall be further signified. Dated the 18th day of December, 1668.

A warrant signed by Ormonde, Carbery, and Sandwich, was enough for Robinson, who felt when he received their names that he could turn the key upon his prisoner and retire to sleep in peace.

CHAPTER IX.

BLASPHEMY AND HERESY (1669).

THOUGH Arlington was backed by Charles, he knew that he had gone too far, unless he could complete his task. He had induced his Majesty to let the thing go on by putting Penn's proceedings in a comic light, and making Charles believe that ten or twelve days in a dark and wintry vault would bring that youngster to his knees. Charles knew how Admiral Penn himself had winced and fainted in the Tower. If Penn's young spirit could be broken, Arlington was safe; for if the writer of "The Sandy Foundation Shaken" were brought to own his fault, admit the charge of blasphemy, and beg Lord Arlington to intercede for him, the Admiral could not afterwards resent the injury of his commitment to the Tower.

Arlington's first care was to make the world believe that Penn was not a prisoner of the State; that Bishop Henchman, whose authority was touched, had been the mover; and that Penn would have to answer for his crime before the Consistorial court. Some persons were deceived by Arlington's reports; among these persons Penn himself. One day a servant from the Navy Gardens, who was suffered to attend him in his chamber, said the rumour in the city was that my Lord of London was exceedingly angry with him, and had answered some who spoke about the charge of blasphemy, "Penn shall either recant or die a prisoner." Penn was staggered for a moment; he was only twenty-four years old; and Arlington had led him to expect release from day to day. Then turning to his servant, he replied, "Now all is well." He knew the worst, and rose to meet it like a man. "I wish," he added, "they had told me so before, since the expecting of release put a stop to some business." Penn was much deceived about the prelate. Henchman was not present when the Council signed his order of commitment, nor was any other officer of the Church, save Charles, as born Defender of the Faith. This born Defender of the Faith was not much versed in sacred lore; but if he had one serious purpose in his brain, it

was that men should not be troubled in his kingdom for affairs of faith. He stood in need of much indulgence, and he tried to keep his creed a secret from the world. To rouse religious passion was alike against his humour and his interest. Not a single case of blasphemy had been tried since he began to reign. But Arlington was in a strait, and Charles imagined that the easiest way to pull him through it was to frighten the young gentleman in the Tower; to pardon his offence without the scandal of a public trial; and, on due submission, to restore him, cured of his ridiculous whimsies, to his father's house. But Charles, like Arlington, was apt to count his victories before his adversary's sword was down.

"Thou mayst tell my father," said the prisoner to his servant, "my prison shall be my grave before I will budge one jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man. I have no fear. God will make amends for all." The Admiral was lying in a sick bed, unable to attend the meetings of his board, and only strong enough at intervals to crawl across the bridge and see his son. Court feuds were running high; the Admiral's friends were losing ground; and Coventry, his closest comrade, was unlikely to retain his seat. The state of parties vexed him.

At the Navy Board his rivals were intriguing to get rid of him. He dared not hope for new commands at sea. His health was breaking fast. On every side he saw the twilight closing round his house.

To lend some show of fairness to his seizure of Penn's "Sandy Foundation Shaken," Arlington, who heard that Vincent was engaged in printing a reply to that pamphlet, called "The Foundation of God Standeth Sure," despatched an officer to the house of Thomas Johnson, printer, with instructions to seize the copies of Vincent's book; Vincent had no more thought of asking for a license than Penn had done, and the Secretary had a legal right to seize his papers, carry him to a justice of the peace, and have him tried for breach of law. Tom Widdower, the King's messenger, who went to search Johnson's premises, found the types and papers gone; they had been carried off the previous night; but Widdower got a clue to their hiding-place in the cellars of William Burden, one of Johnson's friends. A fortnight after Charles had been pleased to order Penn to be kept a prisoner in the Tower, and Derby in the Gatehouse, Widdower was authorized to take the bodies of Johnson and Burden into his custody, to seize all copies he could find of Vincent's book,

and bring the two prisoners, with their types, before one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. No search was made for Vincent. After nine days had been spent by Burden and Johnson in the messenger's house, the men were liberated on petition to the King, and not a second word was said about this printing of unlicensed books. The book itself was out. When Vincent heard of Johnson's types being seized, he found a second printer, got his work set up, and in a week "The Foundation of God" was scattered far and wide in the religious world. This pamphlet bore no license from the Bishop of London; and it had no printer's name affixed. It was a product of the secret press; yet no proceedings were commenced by Arlington, and Vincent paid no visit to his Majesty's Secretary of State.

Days, weeks, passed by. The winter wore away, and Penn sat waiting in his dungeon for the royal mood to change. From time to time the King sent down some person skilled in fence to search his mind. The persons found him very gentle in his ways, but not inclined to yield in what was now the central point. They told the King that Penn had given them "reasonable, good satisfaction;" but his Majesty wanted more than Penn could give. The

weeks of his imprisonment grew months. In March, his friend, Sir William Coventry, was brought into the Tower a prisoner, on a charge of challenging the Duke of Buckingham to fight. Coventry, a Privy Councillor, was lodged in Raleigh's old prison, the Brick tower, on the northern wall, where he remained for sixteen days, and then, completely broken in his spirit, made a full submission, and retired a ruined man. From time to time adroit and learned persons came to visit Penn; but these divines could say no more than that they found him in a "reasonable" state of mind. The Admiral, who heard of these reports, resolved to make an effort for his son's relief. For ten weeks he had been unable to attend the Navy Board; but on the thirtieth day of March, he went in person to Whitehall, where he presented a petition to the King, and took the seat which he had held so long. In his petition he expressed his sorrow for those failings of his son which had incurred his Majesty's displeasure; but while he admitted that the youth had fallen away from his Church, and so provoked the King to anger, he expressed a confident hope that God would bring him back to true religion, and a full conviction that he would do nothing to the prejudice of his Majesty's crown and govern-

ment. He referred to the "reasonable satisfaction" which his son had given and begged his Majesty to set him free.

The Admiral's appearance at the Navy Board stirred up the faction of his enemies, and when the Council met next day to read his petition, a majority of the councillors were dead against his prayer. Instead of setting Penn at liberty, the King in Council gave an order for Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London, to proceed against him in the Consistorial Court, for an offence not hitherto asserted—namely, "blasphemous heresies"—not alleged "blasphemy" and alleged "heresies," but for these heinous crimes, now ascertained by Charles himself. "His Majesty," so ran the royal order, "having taken into consideration that the book printed and published by the said William Penn, entitled, *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, containeth in it several dangerous and blasphemous heresies to the scandal of the Christian religion, did this day order and require the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London, to take cognizance, and to proceed to the examination and judging of the said heretical opinions, according to such rules and forms as belong to the Ecclesiastical Courts by the laws of this kingdom, and in such a manner as

hath been formerly accustomed in like cases." Henchman's officers were to have free access to the Tower; and Penn, accompanied by his keeper and a guard, was to be brought in person to defend himself in that prelate's court.

But nothing came of these commands. No doubt the Bishop sent his chaplains to the Tower, and had reports of Penn's condition laid before him; but he took no step to bring the young offender to a public trial. Not a friend of Penn, and looking on him as a deserter, still the Bishop could not bring upon his church the odium of a persecution which she had not raised. For what was this offence of blasphemy, alike according to the Common Law and constant ruling of the Consistorial Courts? Denial of God and of His providence; contempt of Jesus Christ; scurrility and mockery of the words of Holy Writ. Could any one of these three forms of blasphemy be found in "The Sandy Foundation Shaken?" No; not one; and Bishop Henchman knew it. Penn contended for the Unity of God. A few extreme divines might hold that such an article of faith excludes the equal rank of Christ, and therefore is a practical denial of the Trinity. But Penn denied that such an inference was true. If he denounced, as unscriptural, the dogma of a separate existence of

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he had not said they were not equally divine. A sober ruler of his see, the Bishop shrank from a discussion of such topics in a public court with such a man as Penn. Our creeds and articles use the words substance, essence, union, and personality, in reference to the Trinity in a way to stir up subtle and vexatious doubts; and in a court like that of Charles the Second, with men like Rochester and Buckingham for critics, with women like Barbara Palmer and Nell Gwyn for auditors, the scandal and excitement of a public trial would disturb his church. The young man would appear in sober garb; he would refuse to swear an oath; he would decline to doff his hat; he would address the judge as "thee" and "thou," instead of as "my lord." There would be laughter, jokes, and sneers. The young man might be trusted to defend his pamphlet with the highest spirit. He was so young in years, so pure in life, so quick in wit and eloquence, so comely in his face and person, that the sympathies of serious people would be with him. Henchman could not see his way. The King's command was not obeyed; and Penn was left a prisoner in the Tower, till Arlington could find some other means of finishing the work he had begun in too much haste and hate.

Arrested for one alleged offence, detained for another alleged offence, without a legal warrant, without a formal accusation, denied a trial, and confined in prison for the mere convenience of a Secretary of State, Penn asked himself in what respect the proceeding of a Protestant Privy Council differed from those of a Catholic Holy Office? Charles was but another name for Philip; Arlington for Torquemada. If the balance leaned to either side, it leaned to that of Spain. The Catholic persecutors of his Uncle George were moved by nobler forces than the Protestant persecutors who had lodged him in the Tower. At San Lucar, the members of the Holy Office who arrested George believed that what they did was right. But Charles and Arlington were but too well aware that what they did was wrong.

Allowed the use of pen and ink, Penn took to writing, as the prisoner's solace, and compiled the first strong outline of a book which still enjoys pre-eminence in the serious world. "No Cross, no Crown," this prison book, was written in defence of Quaker habits, such as wearing the hat, dressing in sober tints, refusing titles of respect; but thirteen years elapsed before the work assumed that larger shape in which it was to find acceptance from the

whole body of professing Christian men. The title of his book was quaint. It stood, in the original draft, "No Cross, no Crown; or several sober reasons against hat-honour, titular respects, You to a single person, with the apparel and recreations of the time; being inconsistent with scripture, reason, and the practice, as well of the best heathens as the holy men and women of all generations, and consequently fantastic, impertinent, and sinful; with sixty-eight testimonies of the most famous persons of both former and latter ages for further confirmation. In defence of the poor despised Quakers against the practice and objection of their adversaries. By W. Penn, junior, an humble disciple and patient bearer of the cross of Jesus." Four good texts were added to the page, of which the first expressed the prisoner's mood,—“But Mordecai bowed not.” And William Penn bowed not, even though they kept him prisoner in the Tower.

CHAPTER X.

STILLINGFLEET (1669—1670).

“No Cross, no Crown is a serious cross to me,” said Admiral Penn on reading this unworldly book. “No Cross, no Crown” arose out of the writer’s own position. He was suffering for opinion: he was suffering at the hands of men who professed to be the servants of God. He wished to present clearly to his own mind and to impress upon others the great Christian doctrine that every man must bear the cross who hopes to wear the crown. To this end he reviewed the character of the age. He showed how corrupt was the laity, how proud and self-willed were the priests. The second part of “No Cross, no Crown” consists of a collection of the sayings of heroes and sages of all nations in favour of the same doctrine—namely, that to do well and to bear ill, is the only way to lasting happiness.

In prison Penn was free. No gates could close upon his fancy; no restraints could chain his thoughts. The light of heaven was on his window-panes; the peace of God was in his soul. The strength with which he bore his trial brought him back his father's heart. Surprised to see how easily his son could brave privations which had broken his own hard spirit, Admiral Penn began to think there must be something genuine in his son's principles. Of course he hated all this stuff about equality and titles of honour, but he could not help being proud of having such a son. That son was more troubled about his father and mother, than his father and mother were about himself. Dark clouds were lowering on their roof. The Admiral never went to the Navy Board after the thirtieth day of March. He was requested not to come again. In April he resigned his seat at the Navy Board, and his official residence in the Navy Gardens. He retired with Lady Penn to Wanstead. Peg was with her husband in Yorkshire; Dick was on his travels in foreign countries. Admiral Penn was well-nigh sick to death, and in his loneliness he begged the Duke of York to interfere once more for his misguided son.

No length of weary days and nights induced the

prisoner to unsay one word that he had said. To Arlington he wrote a manly letter of appeal against the treatment he was suffering at the Secretary's hands. Protesting that in a proper state of civil society men are not to be pursued and punished for opinions, he asserted, with a touch of humour, that the Secretary might be satisfied with denying his opponent any share of heaven, and leaving him his little corner of the earth. That men should not be free to eat, drink, sleep, walk, trade, and think, because they differ as to things which belong to a future life, he said, was dangerous and absurd. He held that men's opinions must be reached by reason, not by force. In his own case those who persecuted him had discovered their mistake, and dared not bring him to an open trial. He invoked his English right to know the charge preferred against him, and be called to his defence. "I make no apology," he added, "for my letter as a trouble (the usual style of supplicants), because I think the honour that will accrue to thee by being just and releasing the oppressed, exceeds the advantage that can succeed to me."

All hope of seeing the prisoner yield was passing out of Arlington's mind, as well as out of that of Charles. "They are mistaken in me," said the

prisoner; "I can weary out their malice. Neither great things nor good things ever were attained without loss and hardship. He that would reap and not labour, must faint in the wind."

The King was growing tired of a business which he had commenced in idle mood; and when the Duke of York renewed his suit, Charles called his chaplain, Edward Stillingfleet, into his cabinet, and begged him to go down into the Tower, and bring the young man there a prisoner to his senses, so that he might pardon him and set him free.

Canon Stillingfleet, though he was only thirty-four years old, was thought to be the ablest controversial speaker in the Church. On all sides he was counted as a prodigy of nature. At the age of eighteen years he had been a fellow of his college. At the age of twenty-four he had published his *Irenicum*; and at the age of twenty-seven his *Origines Sacrae*. Dons at Cambridge and councillors in London vied with each other in promoting this accomplished scholar. Lord Southampton, at the instance of Archbishop Sheldon and Bishop Henchman, gave him the rich living of St. Andrew's, Holborn. He was preacher at the Rolls and lecturer at the Temple; he was canon residentiary of St. Paul's; and was the most popular preacher at Whitehall.

"I carried my wife and her woman," writes Pepys, "to Whitehall Chapel and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, who is newly admitted one of the King's chaplains, and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrew's, Holborn, where he is now minister, with these words: 'That the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another, believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the apostles.'" Henchman had employed his pen in controversy with the Jesuits. At the age of thirty-four he was already hailed as Stillingfleet the Great.

This eminent divine, so well prepared for argument with men like Penn, repaired to his apartments in the Tower. Of course the prisoner was no match for him in learning, but his gentleness and fortitude impressed the Canon's heart. With nothing but an open Bible, Penn contested every inch of ground with one who had a perfect library of the Fathers and the Councils in his memory. He wanted Penn to yield so far that Charles could set him free as an act of royal grace. Penn wanted to confront his enemies in a court of justice. "Tell the King," he said to Stillingfleet, "that the Tower is the worst argument in the world." His visitor would not press that point; he was too kind a man

to take the Secretary's view. The Canon spoke of the King's favour to his family, of the Admiral's position in the service, of the prospects of advancements he was casting to the winds. Penn heard him plead in silence, for he held him, as all good and intellectual people held him, in the highest honour; but the words he uttered in the Tower were empty sounds. It was a case of conscience, not of policy, and Penn was only one of many, who had been arrested for opinion's sake. His private ease was nothing, while so great a principle was at stake.

Penn could not own a fault where he was not in fault, and by his weakness put his persecutor in the right. "Whoever is in the wrong," urged Penn, "those who use force in religion can never be in the right." The Canon carried these words to his royal master.

Not once, but many times, the great divine went down to the Tower, to hold discourse with Penn. On questions of theology, the prisoner heard his visitor with zest. Stillingfleet brought down some of his recent writings, which he left for Penn to read; and Penn, being made aware that other persons than Thomas Vincent were assailing him as one who had denied the divinity of Christ, composed

a pamphlet in reply entitled, "Innocency with her open face, presented by way of apology for the book entitled The Sandy Foundation Shaken," which he sent into the world at once. "That which I am credibly informed to be the greatest reason for my imprisonment," he wrote, "and that noise of blasphemy which has pierced so many ears of late, is my denying the divinity of Christ." He utterly repudiates such "denying:" and proceeds to give some proofs of the divinity of Christ. The tract owed much to Stillingfleet, not only in quotations but suggestions. Every page betrayed the writer's study of his eloquent and learned visitor's recent works, especially of his discourse on Christ.

As nothing further could be got from Penn—no owning of his fault, no prayers to Arlington, no promise for the future—and as Charles had now been teased for seven whole months about the matter, which the Admiral and the Duke of York would not allow him to forget, his Majesty was pleased to declare himself satisfied with Stillingfleet's report and "Innocency with her open face." An order, under date of July 28, 1669, was sent to Robinson, instructing the Lieutenant of the Tower to deliver up his prisoner to Sir William Penn.

It was not in human nature that Lord Arlington

should be pleased, and it was probably from him that a report was spread of Penn being discharged on hard conditions. "Young Penn, who wrote the blasphemous book," said one of the court gossips, "is delivered to his father to be transported." Admiral Penn was ill; so ill, that he could rarely stir from Wanstead. Nothing had been done, as yet, about the purchase of a house and lands. Lowther was looking through the Yorkshire wolds for an estate, and hoping to secure a country place near Maske; but Admiral Penn, who clung to his design of settling in county Cork, desired his son to go at once to Shangarry Castle, where the property required a master's eye. Sir William hoped that in the management of his estate the young man's worldly passions would revive; and six weeks after his son's discharge from the Tower the Admiral sent him down to Bristol, on his way to county Cork.

"If you are ordained to be another cross to me," said the Admiral, "God's will be done; and I shall arm myself the best I can against it." He was very sore at heart.

Arrived in Cork, Penn found the prison of that city full of Quakers; men of English race and faith, whose main offences were, as he conceived, that they

were hard workers and cautious traders. Jealousy had much to do with this repression of the Light, "which was at least as much from envy about trade as zeal for religion." From an early day the Friends had learned to buy and sell, and prosper in the ways of trade. The hour of Penn's arrival saw him at the jail. Next day he held a meeting in the prison-yard, where he exhorted his brethren to be steadfast in their faith, and firm in their resistance to an unjust exercise of power. Without going on to Shangarry Castle, he set out for Dublin, where he called a meeting of Friends, and having put the case in form, he carried a memorial of their grievances to his friend the Duke of Ormonde. Arran, Lane, and others who remembered him at Carrickfergus in his plume and corslet, helped him to procure a hearing. A commissioner was directed to report on the Quaker prisoners who had been committed by local justices, and in the following summer an order was signed by Ormonde for the free discharge of every one who was in prison for opinion's sake.

Penn stayed at Shangarry Castle nearly ten months; until, in fact, his father's plans began to change. The Lowthers found a good estate, some twenty miles from Maske, which he was now dis-

posed to purchase; and he told his son to try if he could sell the Irish lands. It not being easy to procure a customer for Shangarry Castle, the Admiral bade him ask if any of the tenants were disposed to buy their lots. These tenants were too poor. "I wish you had well done all your business there," the Admiral wrote to his son, "for I find myself to decline." Penn took the hint, and gathering up his papers started for his father's house, where he was quickly reconciled to his father's heart.

CHAPTER XL

A FRESH ARREST (1670).

PENN was soon disturbed by new persecutions. Liberty of Conscience—with its consequence, Free Worship—was the question of that day; a question of much practical difficulty even to those who could admit that it was right in principle. The Duke of York, presumptive heir to the throne, was an avowed Catholic. Charles was suspected of a leaning towards the ritual followed by his wife, his brother, his brother's wife, and his own favourite mistress. Some of the courtiers were apostatising; others were supposed to be only waiting a more favourable moment to desert their Church. If Popery threatened from above, Puritanism was no less terrible below. The country swarmed with the disbanded hosts of Cromwell—men as hostile to the establishment as to the

monarchy. Sects were daily multiplying in number. In the midst of all these causes of dismay, a power which Parliament had given the Church for her defence against the non-conforming bodies was renewed. The Conventicle Act declared it seditious and unlawful for more than five persons, exclusive of the family, to meet together for religious worship according to any other than the national rite; and every person above the age of sixteen years attending any such meeting, was liable, for the first offence, to be fined five pounds or imprisoned during three months; for the second offence, to be fined ten pounds, or imprisoned six months; for the third offence, to be fined a hundred pounds or transported beyond the seas for seven years; and for every additional offence to a hundred pounds of fine. This Act was renewed in April, 1670.

Penn soon became a victim of this enactment. Taking no notice of attempts to interfere with their modes of worship, some of the Quakers went on Sunday, the 14th of August to their meeting-house in Gracechurch Street. They found the house closed, the doors guarded by soldiers. Penn took off his hat and began to preach. The constables came forward and arrested him. At the same time, but in another part of the crowd, they arrested

Captain William Mead, an old soldier of the Commonwealth, now a draper in the city. Penn demanded their authority for his arrest; the officers produced a warrant, signed by Sir Samuel Starling, Lord Mayor. Penn and Mead were taken from the place of meeting to the City magistrates. When Penn refused to doff his hat, Sir Samuel threatened to send him to Bridewell and have him flogged, though he *was* the son of a Commonwealth admiral! On being reminded that the law would not allow him, he committed Penn and Mead to the Black Dog, a sponging-house in Newgate Market, to await their trial at the Old Bailey. From this place of durance Penn wrote to his father, glorying in his sufferings for a great principle, but expressing his deep regret at being dragged away from home at such a time.

On Thursday, September 1st, 1670, the prisoners, William Penn the Younger, and Captain William Mead, were placed in the dock. Penn stood before his judges, less as a Quaker pleading for the rights of conscience, than an Englishman contending for the ancient liberties of his race. That he had violated the Conventicle Act he knew; that he meant to violate that Act he also knew. Penn held that the new Act was equally hostile to the Bible and the Great Charter. This was the point at

issue—Does an edict possess the virtue and force of law, even when passed by Crown and Parliament, which abolishes any one of our fundamental rights? A most important point; and very dear to England were the issues to be tried. Penn raised the constitutional question, “If we now plead guilty to the facts alleged against us—as in common cases we should do—this Act will acquire additional force: if we deny our guilt, as we may do, and throw the burden of proof on the court, we shall show to all the world the evil animus of our persecutors; we shall also be able to raise the question whether this new and oppressive law be in harmony with the Great Charter, and other fundamental laws.”

Both Penn and Mead resolved to plead not guilty to the charge, and throw the burden of proof on the other side. They thought it well to hire no counsel, and conduct the case themselves; the rather that they meant the trial to be taken as a civil inquiry, not as a simple form of ascertaining whether they were guilty of the fact or not.

Sir Thomas Howell, Recorder of London, tried the case. Around him sat Sir Samuel Starling, Lord Mayor; Alderman Sir Thomas Bludworth, Alderman Sir William Peake, Alderman Sir Richard Ford, and Alderman Sir Joseph Sheldon; the two sheriffs,

John Smith, and James Edwards. Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was present as Alderman of Dowgate; also Sir Richard Brown, the Lord Mayor of the Restoration year. In all ten justices occupied the bench. When the clerk of the court bade the crier call the jury, twelve citizens of London answered to their names: Thomas Vere, Edward Bushel, John Hammond, Charles Milson, Gregory Walklet, John Brightman, William Plumstead, Henry Henley, Thomas Damask, Henry Michel, William Lever, and John Baily. These good men and true were sworn to try the prisoners at the bar and find according to the evidence adduced. The indictment, charging the two prisoners with holding a tumultuous assembly, ran:—

“That William Penn, gentleman, and William Mead, late of London, linen-draper, with divers other persons to the jury unknown, to the number of three hundred, the 15th day of August, in the twenty-second year of the King, about eleven of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, with force and arms, &c., in the parish of St. Bennet, Gracechurch, in Bridge Ward, London, in the street called Gracechurch Street, unlawfully and tumultuously did assemble and congregate themselves together, to the disturbance of the peace of the said

lord the King: And the aforesaid William Penn and William Mead, together with other persons to the jury aforesaid unknown, then and there assembled and congregated together; the aforesaid William Penn, by agreement between him and William Mead, before made and by abetment of the aforesaid William Mead, then and there in the open street, did take upon himself to preach and speak, and then and there did preach and speak unto the aforesaid William Mead and other persons there in the street aforesaid, being assembled and congregated together, by reason whereof a great concourse and tumult of people in the street aforesaid, then and there, a long time did remain and continue in contempt of the said lord the King and his law; to the great disturbance of his peace, to the great terror and disturbance of many of his liege people and subjects, to the ill-example of all others in the like case offenders, and against the peace of the said lord the King, his crown and dignity."

Such was the form and matter of a charge which was to be a memorable fact in the development of our civic liberties. No other verdict than acquittal could have been expected by a man with eyes to see and sense to understand. The very date assigned to the offence was wrong, for Penn was taken on

Sunday, August 14, and the indictment charged him with addressing a tumultuous and disorderly assembly in Gracechurch Street, on Monday, August 15, when he was living at the Black Dog. Penn and Mead were indicted for "conspiring together by agreement, before made between them." They had never met, never spoken, never written to each other; they were perfect strangers till they found themselves in custody on a common charge. They were accused of being armed. Both Penn and Mead had long ago laid down their swords; and both were men of peace, in that extreme degree that they would not have raised a weapon even in self-defence.

"What say you, William Penn and William Mead, are you guilty as you stand indicted, in manner and form as aforesaid, or not guilty?"

Penn: "It is impossible that we should be able to remember the indictment verbatim, and therefore we desire a copy of it, as is customary on the like occasions."

Howell: "You must first plead to the indictment before you can have a copy of it."

Penn: "I am unacquainted with the formality of the law, and before I shall answer, I request two things of the court:—first, that no advantage be taken against me, nor I be deprived of any benefit I

might otherwise have received; secondly, that you will promise me a fair hearing and liberty of making my defence."

Court: "No advantage shall be taken against you. You shall have liberty; you shall be heard."

Penn: "Then I plead not guilty in manner and form."

Like questions being put to Captain Mead, and the same assurances being given to him, he also pleaded not guilty in manner and form; on which the court adjourned for dinner until three o'clock.

Assembling after dinner, the court commanded Penn and Mead to be placed at the bar. They took their places; but the judges changed their minds; and Howell, the Recorder, called the ordinary felons on his list. Penn, Mead, and the twelve jurymen were detained till eight o'clock at night, when they were told the court would take their case on Saturday.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD BAILEY (1670).

ON Saturday, September 3, the court assembled for the case of Captain Mead and William Penn.

The prisoners were coming into court with their hats on; a too zealous officer knocked them off; on which Sir Samuel Starling bellowed from the bench, "Sirrah! Who bade you put off their hats? Put them on again." As neither Mead nor Penn resisted, the officer picked their hats from the floor and set them on the prisoners' heads. When they had thus been covered by command of the court, Recorder Howell asked them if they knew where they were, to which Penn answered that they knew.

Howell: "Do you know it is the King's court?"

Penn: "I know it to be a court, and I suppose it to be the King's court."

Howell: "Do you know there is respect due to the court?"

Penn: "Yes."

Howell: "Why do you not pay it then?"

Penn: "I do so."

Howell: "Why do you not pull off your hat then?"

Penn: "Because I do not believe that to be any respect."

Howell: "Well, the court sets forty marks a-piece on your head as a fine for your contempt of court."

Penn: "I desire it may be observed that we came into court with our hats off—that is, taken off—and if they have been put on since, it was by order of the Bench; and therefore not we, but the Bench should be fined."

The jury being sworn, Sir John Robinson, suspecting that Edward Bushel, one of the jurors, known to be a religious man, objected to take an oath, pretended not to have seen him kiss the book, and desired him to be sworn again. Bushel was sworn a second time. Lieutenant James Cook was called.

Cook: "I was sent for from the Exchange to go and disperse a meeting in Gracechurch Street, where I saw Mr. Penn speaking to the people, but I

could not hear what was said on account of the noise. I endeavoured to make way to take him, but I could not get near him for the crowd of people; upon which Captain Mead came to me about the kennel of the street and desired me to let him go on, for when he had done he would bring Mr. Penn to me."

Court: "What number do you think there might be there?"

Cook: "About three or four hundred people."

Richard Read, a constable, was called.

Howell: "What do you know concerning the prisoners at the bar?"

Read: "My lord, I went to Gracechurch Street, where I found a great crowd of people, and I heard Mr. Penn preach to them, and I saw Captain Mead speaking to Lieutenant Cook, but what he said I could not tell."

Mead: "What did William Penn say?"

Read: "There was such a great noise I could not tell what he said."

Mead: "Observe this evidence; he saith, he heard him preach; and yet saith, he doth not know what he said.—Take notice (to the jury) he means now a clean contrary thing to what he swore before

the Mayor when we were committed. I appeal to the Mayor himself if this be not true."

Sir Samuel Starling would not answer yea or nay.

Court: "What number do you think there might be there?"

Read: "About four or five hundred."

Penn: "I desire to know of the witness what day it was?"

Read: "The 14th day of August."

Penn: "Did he speak to me, or let me know he was there? For I am very sure I never saw him."

The court would not allow this question to be put. Another witness was called: his name not given.

Unknown Witness: "My lord, I saw a great number of people, and Mr. Penn I suppose was speaking, for I saw him make a motion with his hands and heard some noise, but could not understand what was said. But for Captain Mead, I did not see him there."

Howell: "What say you, Mr. Mead,—were you there?"

Mead: "It is a maxim in your own law—*Nemo tenetur accusare seipsum*—which, if it be not true Latin, I am sure it is true English—No man is bound to accuse himself. And why dost thou offer to ensnare me with such a question?"

Howell: "Hold your tongue, sir."

Penn: "I desire we may come more close to the point, and that silence be commanded."

"Silence in the court!" said the crier.

Penn: "We confess ourselves so far from recanting or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, to pray, or worship God, that we declare to all the world, we believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet incessantly on so good an account; nor shall all the powers on earth be able to prevent us."

Brown: "You are not here for worshipping God, but for breaking the laws."

Penn: "I affirm I have broken no law; nor am I guilty of the indictment that is laid to my charge; and to the end that the Bench, the jury, myself, and those who hear us may have a more direct understanding of this procedure, I desire you would let me know by what law it is you prosecute me, and on what law you ground your indictment?"

Howell: "Upon the common law."

Penn: "Where is that common law?"

Howell: "You must not think that I am able to sum up so many years and over so many adjudged cases, which we call common law, to satisfy your curiosity."

Penn: "This answer is very short of my question; for if it be common, it should not be so very hard to produce."

Howell: "Sir, will you plead to your indictment?"

Penn: "Shall I plead to an indictment that has no foundation in law? If it contain that law you say I have broken, why should you decline to produce that law, since it will be impossible for the jury to determine, or agree to bring in their verdict, who have not the law produced by which they should measure the truth of the indictment?"

Howell (waxing warm): "You are a saucy fellow. Speak to the indictment."

Penn: "I say it is my place to speak to matter of law. I am arraigned a prisoner. My liberty, which is next to life itself, is now concerned. You are many mouths and ears against me; and it is hard if I must not make the best of my case. I say again, unless you show me and the people the law you ground your indictment upon, I shall take it for granted your proceedings are merely arbitrary."

Howell: "The question is whether you are guilty of this indictment."

Penn: "The question is not whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be

legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is common law, unless we know both where and what it is: for where there is no law, there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, so far from being common law, is no law at all."

Howell: "You are an impertinent fellow. Will you teach the court what law is? It is *lex non scripta*. That which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, would you have me tell you in a moment?"

Penn: "Certainly if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being very common: but if the Lord Coke in his Institutes (vol. ii. p. 56) be of any weight, he tells us that—common law is common right, and common right is the Great Charter privileges, confirmed by 9 Henry III. cap. 29: by 25 Edward I. cap. 1: and by 2 Edward III. cap. 8."

Howell: "Sir, you are a very troublesome fellow, and it is not for the honour of the court to suffer you to go on."

Penn: "I have asked but one question, and you have not answered me—though the rights and privileges of every Englishman are concerned in it."

Howell: "If I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser."

Penn: "That would depend upon the answers."

Howell (writhing): "Sir, we must not stand to hear you talk all night."

Penn: "I design no affront to the court, but to be heard in my just plea. And I must plainly tell you, that if you deny me Oyer of that law, which you suggest I have broken, you do at once deny me an acknowledged right, and evidence to the whole world your resolution to sacrifice the privileges of Englishmen to your sinister and arbitrary designs."

Howell: "Take him away! My Lord, if you do not take some course with this pestilent fellow to stop his mouth, we shall not be able to do any thing to-night."

Starling: "Take him away take him away! Put him into the bale-dock."

Penn: "These are so many vain exclamations. Is this justice or true judgment? Must I be taken away because I plead for the fundamental laws of England? However (addressing the jury), this I leave upon your consciences, who are my sole judges, that if these ancient fundamental laws, which relate

to liberty and property—and are not limited to particular persuasions in matters of religion—must not be indispensably maintained—who can say he has a right to the coat upon his back? If not, our liberties are open to be invaded—our wives ravished—our children enslaved—our families ruined—our estates led away in triumph. The Lord of heaven and earth be judge between us in this matter!”

Howell: “Be silent there!”

Starling commanded the officers of the court to carry the prisoner to the bale-dock—a well-like place at the farthest end of the court, in which he could neither see nor be seen. Thither Penn was forced under a protest against their right to remove him before the jury retired. Mead then addressed himself to his peers.

Mead: “You men of the jury,—Here I stand to answer an indictment which is a bundle of lies; for therein I am accused that I met *vi et armis, illicitè et tumultuosè*. Time was when I had freedom to use a carnal weapon, and then I thought I feared no man; but now I fear the living God. I am a peaceable man; and therefore ask, like William Penn, an Oyer of the law on which our indictment is founded.”

Howell: “I have made answer to that already.”

Turning from the bench to the jury, the old soldier told the twelve, that if the Recorder would not tell the court what constituted a riot and an unlawful assembly, he would quote for them the opinions of Lord Coke. A riot, said that great legal writer, was when three or more met together to beat a man, or enter his house by force, or cut his grass, or trespass on his land. Howell took off his hat to the prisoner, and making a low bow, said, in a tone which he meant to be withering, "I thank you, sir, for teaching *me* what is law."

Mead: "Thou mayst put on thy hat: *I* have no fee to give thee."

Brown: "He talks at random: one while an Independent—now a Quaker—next a Papist."

Mead: "Turpe est doctori cum culpa redarguit ipsum."

Starling: "You deserve to have your tongue cut out."

Mead: "Thou didst promise me I should have fair liberty to be heard. Am I not to have the privilege of all Englishmen?"

Mead was also removed to the bale-dock; and the court proceeded to charge the jury.

Howell: "You, gentlemen of the jury, have heard what the indictment is; it is for preaching to the

people, and drawing a tumultuous company after them; and Mr. Penn was speaking. If they should not be disturbed, you see they will go on. Three or four witnesses have proved this—that Mr. Penn did preach there, that Mr. Mead did allow of it. After this, you have heard by substantial witnesses what is said against them. Now we are on matter of fact, which you are to keep and to observe, as what hath been fully sworn, at your peril.”

Penn (from the bale-dock, at the top of his voice): “I appeal to the jury, who are my judges, and to this great assembly, whether the proceedings of the court are not most arbitrary and void of all law, in offering to give the jury their charge in the absence of the prisoners! I say it is directly opposed and destructive to the right of every English prisoner, as declared by Coke in the 2d Institute, 29 on the chapter of Magna Charta.”

Howell (with playful humour): “Why you are present; you do hear. Do you not?”

Penn: “No thanks to the court that commanded me into the bale-dock. And you of the jury, take notice that I have not been heard; neither can you legally depart the court before I have been fully

heard, having at least ten or twelve material points to offer in order to invalidate their indictment."

Howell: "Pull that fellow down; pull him down. Take them to the Hole."

So Penn and Mead were taken out of the baledock and carried to the hole in Newgate—the nastiest place in the most loathsome gaol in England, a den which Penn describes as so noisome that the Lord Mayor would think it unfit for pigs to lie in. Howell commanded the jury to agree in their verdict according to the facts. They retired; the court remained sitting; the vast concourse of people keeping an eager eye on the door which led into the jury-room. An hour and a half had passed before the door opened, and eight of the twelve jurors walked into court. They could not agree, they said; the other four stood out against the court. Howell commanded the uncomplying four to be brought into his presence; they came. Bushel was one of them; in fact, the leader of the four.

Robinson: "I know you. You have thrust yourself upon this jury."

Bushel: "No, Sir John. There were threescore before me on the panel, and I would willingly have got off, but could not."

Robinson: "I tell you, you deserve to be indicted more than any man that has been indicted this day."

Starling: "Sirrah, you are an impertinent fellow! I will put a mark on you."

Sent back to their room, the twelve jurors were absent longer than before; at length they came into court, when Penn and Mead being sent for, silence was commanded.

Clerk: "Are you agreed in your verdict?"

Vere the Foreman: "Yes."

Clerk: "How say you? Is William Penn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted in manner and form, or not guilty?"

Vere: "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street."

Court: "Is that all?"

Vere: "That is all I have in commission."

Howell: "You had as good say nothing?"

Starling: "Was it not an unlawful assembly? You mean he was speaking to a tumult of people there?"

Vere explained that on those points the jurors were not agreed. The court began to converse with each jurymen apart, and some of these jurymen expressed themselves in favour of the views taken by the bench; but Edward Bushel, John Hammond, and

two or three others, declared that they could admit no such term into their verdict as "unlawful assembly."

Howell: "The law of England will not allow you to depart till you have given in your verdict."

Vere: "We have given in our verdict; we can give in no other."

Howell: "Gentlemen, you have *not* given in your verdict; you had as good say nothing as what you have said. Therefore go and consider it once more."

The jurors asked for pen, ink, and paper, and the court adjourned for half an hour. When the jury returned they handed in a written verdict,—again finding William Penn guilty of speaking to an assembly met together in Gracechurch Street,—and acquitting William Mead. This act was signed by all the twelve. On hearing it read aloud, Sir Samuel Starling shouted at the whole jury, "What, will you be led by such a silly fellow as Bushel—an impudent, canting knave! I warrant you, you shall not come upon juries again in a hurry." And then turning on Thomas Vere, the foreman, he exclaimed, "You are a foreman indeed! I thought you understood your place better." Howell came directly to the point.

Howell: "Gentlemen, you shall not be dismissed

till you bring in a verdict which the court will accept. You shall be locked up, without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court. We will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it."

Penn: "My jury, who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced. Their verdict should be free—not forced."

Howell: "Stop that fellow's mouth, put him out of court."

Starling (to the jury): "You have heard that he preached; that he gathered a company of tumultuous people; and that they not only disobey the martial power, but the civil also."

Penn: "That it a mistake. We did not make the tumult, but they that interrupted us. The jury cannot be so ignorant as to think we met there to disturb the peace, because it is well known that we are a peaceable people, never offering violence to any man, and were kept by force of arms out of our own house."

One of the jury pleaded illness, as a reason why he should not be locked up without fire, food, or water.

Starling: "You are strong as any of them. Hold your principles and—starve."

Howell: "Gentlemen, you must be content with your hard fate; let your patience overcome it. The court is resolved to have a verdict."

The whole Jury: "We are agreed; we are agreed; we are agreed."

"Let the constables be sworn," said Howell, "to keep them in a room apart, with neither meat nor drink, with neither fire nor light." The constables were sworn, and the unhappy jurors dragged away.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIAL OF THE JURY (1670).

NEXT day was Sunday, but the court assembled at the Old Bailey as on other days. At seven o'clock the jurors' names were called, and each man answering to his name, the clerk inquired,—

Clerk: "Are you agreed upon your verdict?"

Vere: "Yes."

Clerk: "What say you? Look upon the prisoner at the bar. Is William Penn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted, in manner and form as aforesaid, or not guilty?"

Vere: "William Penn is guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street."

Starling: "To an unlawful assembly?"

Bushel: "No, my lord. We give no other verdict than we gave last night."

Starling: "You are a factious fellow; I'll take a course with you."

Bludworth: "I knew Mr. Bushel would not yield."

Bushel: "Sir Thomas, I have done according to my conscience."

Starling: "That conscience of yours would cut my throat."

Bushel: "No, my lord, it never shall."

Starling: "But I will cut yours as soon as I can."

Howell (merry): "He has inspired the jury; he has the spirit of divination; methinks he begins to affect me,—I will have a positive verdict, or else you shall starve."

Penn: "I desire to ask the Recorder a question. Do you allow the verdict given of William Mead?"

Howell: "It cannot be a verdict, because you are indicted for conspiracy—and one being found Not guilty and not the other, it is no verdict."

Penn: "If Not guilty be no verdict, then you make of the jury and of the Great Charter a mere nose of wax."

Mead: "How! Is Not guilty no verdict?"

Howell: "No, it is no verdict."

Penn: "I affirm that the consent of a jury is a verdict in law; and if William Mead be not guilty,

it follows that I am clear, since you have indicted us for conspiracy, and I could not possibly conspire alone."

Howell found it convenient not to notice this way of viewing the case. A scene of great confusion followed, with threats on the part of the magistrates, met by unflinching firmness from the jurors. Again the twelve good men were sent to their room; again they returned with the same verdict of "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street." It was clear they could do no more according to the evidence laid before them. When Vere announced the result of their third examination, the legal conductor of the trial roared:—

Howell: "What is this to the purpose? I say, I *will* have a verdict." And then scowling fiercely at Bushel, cried, "You are a factious fellow. I will set a mark on you; and whilst I have any thing to do with the city, I will have an eye upon you."

Starling (to the other jurors): "Have you no more wit than to be led by such a pitiful fellow? I will cut his nose."

Penn: "It is intolerable that my jury should be thus menaced. Is this according to the fundamental laws? Are they not my proper judges by the Great Charter of England? What hope is there of ever

having justice done when juries are threatened and their verdicts rejected? Has not the Lieutenant of the Tower made one of them out worse than a felon?"

Howell: "My lord, you *must* take a course with that fellow."

Starling: "Stop his mouth. Gaoler, bring fetters, and stake him to the ground."

Penn: "Do your will: I care not for your fetters."

Howell (suddenly enlightened): "Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will never be well with us till something like the Inquisition be brought into England."

Starling told the jury they must retire until they could agree upon a verdict of guilty. They refused. They had consulted three several times; they had agreed to a verdict and signed it; they could give no other.

Howell: "Gentlemen, we shall not always be at this pass with you. You will find that next session of Parliament there will be a law made that such as will not conform shall not have the protection of law. Mr. Lee," addressing a law-officer of

the court, "draw up another verdict that they may bring it in special."

Lee: "I cannot tell how to do it."

Jury: "We ought not to be returned, having all agreed and set our hands to the verdict."

Howell: "Your verdict is nothing. You play upon the court. I say you shall go and bring in another verdict or you shall starve; and I will have you carted about the city as in Edward the Third's time."

Vere (who had fasted thirty hours): "We have given in our verdict, in which we are all agreed; if we give in another, it will be by force, to save our lives."

Starling: "Take them up to their room."

Officer: "My lord, they will not go."

The Sheriff was told to use force.

They were again locked up for the day and night; left without food, without fire, without water,—to endure the agony of another night of raging fever, brought on by thirst and want of rest. They spent the night in anxious talk. They could not sleep for pain. Their chamber was unutterably foul; for Howell had refused them every article of chamber furniture. Some wandered in their thoughts. Some said they must give way or die. But those

who fought for freedom of conscience—for the rights of jurors—supported from within by a strong sense of martyrdom, held on. They were prepared to die; but never to betray the cause of right.

Next day the court sat again. It was Monday morning and the proceedings began soon after sunrise. Yet the room was crowded. As the jury came into court, the men were pale and dark, but firm and resolute. The forms were gone through in succession, while the agitated audience tried to read the faces of the jurors.

Crier: "Silence in the court on pain of imprisonment!"

Clerk: "Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?"

Jury: "Yes."

Clerk: "Who shall speak for you?"

Jury: "Our Foreman."

Clerk: "Look upon the prisoners. What say you, is William Penn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted in manner and from, or not guilty?"

Vere: "You have our verdict in writing with our hands subscribed."

Clerk: "I will read it—"

Howell: "No. It is no verdict. The court will not accept it."

Vere: "If you will not accept of it, I desire to have it back again."

Court: "The paper was no verdict, and no advantage shall be taken of you for it."

Clerk: "How say you: is William Penn guilty or not guilty?"

Vere: "Not guilty." (Movement and emotion in the court.)

Clerk: "Then hearken to your verdict." (Reads) "You say William Penn is not guilty, and you say William Mead is not guilty. Say you all so?"

Fury: "We do."

The court was not content; each man, it said, must answer for himself. The names were called over one by one in the hope that some one more timid than the rest would side with the bench. In vain; each juror answered to the call, and distinctly and without qualification pronounced—"Not guilty."

Howell: "I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the court fines you forty marks a man and imprisonment in Newgate till the fines be paid."

Penn: "Being freed by the jury, I demand to be set at liberty."

Starling: "No. You are in for your fines."

Penn: "Fines! What fines?"

Starling: "For contempt of court."

Penn: "I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England that any Englishman should be fined except by the judgment of his peers? Since it expressly contradicts the 14th and 29th chapters of the Great Charter of England, which says, No free man ought to be amerced except by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage."

Howell (with severe and simple logic): "Take him away; take him away; take him out of the court."

Penn: "I can never urge the fundamental *laws* of *England*, but you cry out, "Take him away, take him away!" But this is no wonder, since the *Spanish Inquisition* sits so near the Recorder's heart. God, who is just, will judge you for all these things."

The two prisoners and the twelve jurors alike refused to pay the fines—the first as a matter of conscience; the second, because, under the influence of Bushel, they were induced to dispute the power of the court to inflict this fine. The fourteen gentlemen were all removed to Newgate.

From his prison chamber, Penn wrote to his sick father daily; and his letters breathe the most affectionate and devoted spirit. He deplores the Admiral's illness, and his own compulsory absence from his bed-side; but the cause of English freedom is at stake, he is detained contrary to law, and he beseeches his family not to think of paying the fine in order to get him out. However anxious to be near his father at such a time, he would do nothing unworthy; he would trust in God and in the justice of his cause. Even when Bushel and his fellows had been acquitted, Penn and Mead refused to pay their fines, but a few days after their removal, a turnkey came to them with news that some unknown friend had paid their fines—and they were free to go away.

Admiral Penn was lying on his death-bed. The excitement caused by his son's arrest, imprisonment, and trial, had made him worse; and when William hastened home from Newgate to Wanstead he was scared to find that, in the opinion of medical men, his father had only a few days to live.

"Son William," said the veteran, "I am weary of the world; I would not live my days over again, if I could command them with a wish; for the snares of life are greater than the fears of death." The

Admiral had ceased to think of his great disappointment; but he retained his patriotic ardour to the last. He bewailed the corruption of the age, the profligacy in high places, the daily traffic in justice, the contempt into which the court was falling, the rottenness at home, the decline of power abroad. He gave his children three maxims as a legacy: "First—Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience; so you will keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble. Secondly—Whatever you design to do, lay it justly and time it seasonably, for that gives security and despatch. Lastly—Be not troubled at disappointments; for if they may be recovered, do it; if they cannot, trouble is vain: if you could not have helped it, be content; there is often peace and profit in submitting to providence, for afflictions make wise: if you could have helped it, let not your trouble exceed your instruction for another time. These rules," said the Admiral, "will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world."

The dying man had risen into that region which is above the fear and favour of the world. His frame of mind was calm, confiding, and religious. He talked a good deal with his son; and in the end not only forgave him, but approved of what

he was doing. "Son William,"—these were almost the last words he uttered,—“if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and also keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world.” For himself, however, he died, as he had lived, a member of the Church. He added, “Bury me near my mother; live all in love. Shun all manner of evil. . . . I pray God to bless you all, and He will bless you.”

Eleven days after the trial Admiral Penn was gone. With a life-interest in his estate reserved to Lady Penn,—his daughter Margaret being married—he left the whole of his property, his plate, his household furniture, the money owing to him by government, his lands in England and in Ireland, his claims in Spain, his claims in Jamaica, his gold chain and medal, and the sole executorship of his last will and testament to his Quaker son. Altogether this property was of very considerable amount. Besides the claims on the State for money lent to it and for arrears of salary—not much under 15,000*l.*—the estates brought their owner, on the average, about fifteen hundred pounds a-year.

Fearing, not without good cause, from what had happened, that, unless his son were held up and supported by powerful friends, his life would be one

continual act of martyrdom, Sir William had sent from his death-bed to both the King and the Duke of York to solicit at their hands those kind offices to his son which they had been ever ready to extend towards himself. The royal brothers had returned a flattering answer. James undertook the office of guardian and protector to the young man:—the natural origin of that connexion between the Quaker gentleman and the Catholic prince which afterwards created so much talk. As Penn told the delegates of Magdalen College, in after days, the questions which made him intimate with the prince were such as affected his property, not his creed.

CHAPTER XIV.

GULI SPRINGETT (1670—1671).

GULIELMA MARIA, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex, one of the leaders of the Parliamentary forces during the first years of the civil war, was living with her mother at the village of Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, when her future husband first saw her. Guli was the delight of a small circle, including persons no less famous than John Milton, Thomas Ellwood, and Isaac Pennington. To Pennington, who was Guli's step-father, Ellwood owed his introduction to his great master. When the ravages of plague had driven the bard from London, he went down to Chalfont with his pupil, knowing that friends were living there who shared his opinions and revered his genius. Rarely is an unpretending village honoured with such company as

Chalfont boasted in those days. Pennington occupied the Grange, which he rebuilt and beautified; Milton lived in a cottage at a distance; Ellwood had a house midway between the residences of his friends. To Guli, Ellwood had been a mate from childhood; one of her little playfellows in the hop-gardens of Kent, and in his manhood he was one of her most constant and devoted squires. It is not easy to decide which of the attractions of Chalfont—his master or his mistress—was the greater for Ellwood. To Milton he was warmly attached; and though his love for Guli Springett was true and earnest, it was not so fierce as to be beyond control. Sought and flattered by men of all ranks, by peers and commoners, by courtiers and puritans, Guli must have been well aware of her power. She cannot fail to have felt flattered by Ellwood's silent homage. As he never gave offence by obtruding passion on her thought, she graciously received his attentions, and contracted for him a friendship which lasted without a day of coldness on either side until her death.

Guli was fond of music. Music was Milton's passion. In the poet's cottage, in the philosopher's grange, the hours flew past, between psalms of love, converse from the bard, old stories of the war, in

which the elder people had played their parts, and favourite passages from that stupendous work which was to crown the aged poet. It was to these friends that Milton first made known that he had written *Paradise Lost*; it was also in their society that Ellwood suggested to him the theme of *Paradise Regained*. Immortal Chalfont!

Penn, going down to Chalfont to see his friend Pennington, was struck by Guli's charms. He saw, he loved, he prospered in his love. All other suitors were forgotten, and the heart of Guli Springett passed from her for ever. In the handsome person, in the social station, in the sober bearing of her suitor, Guli found the hero of her waking dreams. The circumstances of the time, and recollections of the past, were not without their influence on his love. To understand these influences, it is requisite to look on the romantic story of Guli's house.

The father of Sir William Springett died in the third year of his marriage, leaving a widow and three infant children—one of them unborn—to inherit a good name and a moderate fortune. His widow devoted herself to the education of her children, and they grew up to be an honour to their native land. She was herself a character.

"To her son William," says Lady Springett, in

a memoir which she wrote for Guli Penn's eldest son, "she was a most tender and affectionate mother, and always showed great kindness towards me; indeed she was very honourable in counselling her son not to marry for an estate, and put by great offers of persons with thousands, urging him to consider what would make him happy in a choice." Mary Proud, the memoir-writer—a daughter of Sir John Proud, a colonel in the service of the Dutch Republic—was then living in the same house with the Springetts; and being a young girl of great beauty and spirit, of nearly the same age as Sir William, and of his own station in society, both mother and son not unnaturally cast their eyes on their fair ward. Lady Springett, writing more than forty years after these events, in describing them to her grandson, Penn's eldest son William, says, "She proposed my marriage to him, because we were bred together from children, I being nine, he twelve years old when we first came to live together. She would discourse with him in this wise:—that "she knew me, and we were known to one another;" she said, "she should choose me for his wife before any one with a great portion, even if I had no portion, because of these things and of our equality in outward conditions and years.

She lived to see thy mother (Guli) three or four year old."

Colonel Springett, Guli's father, had spent his money as freely as his blood. He had served without pay, and kept a mess-table for his officers at his own expense; so that when he died at three-and-twenty his affairs were not a little out of order, but the energy and prudence of Lady Springett kept them from falling into ruin. Other cares assailed the widow. Her husband had fought and died for his religious opinions; and even before then he had inspired her with all his own religious fervour, which she, with her woman's nature and in her lonely condition, soon allowed to overmaster her. The details she has left of the agony of heart suffered during the first two years of her widowhood, are full of that solemn striving after a better life which may be accounted either wisdom or insanity according to the point of view. At length she met with one, who, like herself, was out at sea. This man was Isaac Pennington. In the manuscript history of her life she tells the story:—"My love was drawn to him because I found he saw the deceits of all notions, and lay as one that refused to be comforted, so that he was sick and weary of all that appeared; and in this my heart clove to

him, and a desire was in me to be serviceable to him in his desolate condition, for he was alone and miserable in the world—and I gave up much to be a companion to him in this suffering." Some time after their marriage they found the comfort they were seeking in the system preached by George Fox, of which William Penn was now the champion.

What wonder that the graceful and intrepid Penn should be a welcome visitor at Chalfont; what wonder that the fair Guli, herself a Quaker, should smile on her new suitor, and consent to be his wife!

CHAPTER XV.

BOND AND FREE (1671—1672).

WHILE Penn was living in the poetic circles of Chalfont, he began to study the Catholic Question seriously, and in his twenty-sixth year he gave the world his thoughts upon it. In his "Caveat against Popery" he refutes the dogmas of that Church; but he makes a large distinction between Catholic and Catholicism; a distinction never made in that age, and too seldom made even now. While he denounced the creed as contrary to reason and Scripture, to conscience and human liberty, he pleaded for toleration to the men who had been trained to think it true. Toleration to doctrine he was forced in conscience to condemn; but toleration to the disciple he affirmed with all his might. Here was a new and startling theory. Few men were

then prepared to understand it; fewer still to act upon it; yet the theory was true, and made its way.

When Admiral Penn was dead, and William Penn his son had dropped from sight at court, the city Dogberries, Starling and Robinson, thought the time for their revenge had come. Their plot was certain to succeed. It was a punishable offence to refuse the oath of allegiance when it was offered by a magistrate; and as a Quaker could not take an oath, it was only necessary to seize his person, put him to the proof, and then commit him for contempt. To mask the evil animus, the arrest must be on other grounds; they chose to consider the Quakers' meeting-house in Wheeler Street, which Penn attended, an illegal meeting; though they would not trust a jury on the point. These City aldermen set spies on Penn, who made reports to them of his comings and goings, his sayings and doings. They learned his daily haunts; and often in the morning they could tell how he intended to bestow his day. Their agents were about his heels; and as he feared no evil and had nothing to conceal, their plot soon took effect. On his return from Bucks, he went to Wheeler Street as usual, when a sergeant and picquet of soldiers en-

tered the room, and as he rose to address the people, pulled him down and dragged him into the street, where a constable and assistants being in readiness, they carried him to the Tower, lodged him in a dungeon, and left a guard at his door. After a lapse of three or four hours he was brought before his enemies. Robinson, Sheldon, and a few other magistrates were present.

Robinson: "What is this person's name?"

Constable: "Mr. Penn, sir."

Robinson: "Is your name Penn?"

Penn: "Dost thou not know me?"

Robinson: "I don't know you. I don't desire to know such as you."

Penn: "If not, why didst thou send for me hither?"

Robinson: "Is that your name, sir?"

Penn: "Yes, yes, my name is Penn. I am not ashamed of my name."

Robinson: "Constable, where did you find him?"

Constable: "At Wheeler Street, at a meeting; speaking to the people."

Robinson: "You mean, he was speaking to an unlawful assembly."

Constable: "I don't know indeed, sir; he was there, and he was speaking."

Robinson: "Give them their oaths."

Penn: "Hold, don't swear the men; there is no need of it. I freely acknowledge I was in Wheeler Street, and that I spoke to an assembly of people there."

Robinson: "He confesses it."

Penn: "I do so. I am not ashamed of my testimony."

Robinson; "No matter; give them their oaths.... Mr. Penn, you know the law better than I do, and you know these things are contrary to law."

Penn: "If thou believest me to know the law better than thyself, hear me, for I know no law I have transgressed. . . . Now I am probably to be tried by the late act against Conventicles; I conceive it doth not reach me."

Robinson: "No, sir. I shall not proceed upon that law."

Sir John Robinson named the Oxford Act; but in a moment Penn showed him that the law so called could not apply to him. Driven to their kennel, the two Dogberries brought out the oath of allegiance, and Sir John cried out abruptly and angrily, "Wilt thou take the oath?" "This is not to the purpose," replied Penn, in the midst of an ingenious protest against their endeavour to apply

to his case fragments of different and dissimilar laws. "Read him the oath," roared the lieutenant. Penn refused to swear; alleging as his reason that his conscience forbade him to take up arms at all, much more against his sovereign.

Robinson: "I am sorry you put me upon this severity. It is no pleasant work to me."

Penn: "These are but words. It is manifest that this is a *prepense malice*. Thou hast several times laid the meetings for me, and this day particularly."

Robinson: "No. I profess I could not tell you would be there."

Penn: "Thine own corporal told me that you had intelligence at the Tower, that I should be at Wheeler Street to-day, almost as soon as I knew it myself. This is disingenuous and partial. I never gave thee occasion for such unkindness."

Robinson: "I knew no such thing; but if I had, I confess I should have sent for thee."

Penn: "That confession might have been spared. I do heartily believe it."

Robinson: "I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman; all the world must allow that; and you have a plentiful estate.

Why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?"

Penn: "I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those who are more honestly simple."

Robinson: "I wish thee wiser."

Penn: "I wish thee better."

Robinson: "You have been as bad as other folks."

Penn: "When and where? I charge thee to tell the company to my face."

Robinson: "Abroad—and at home too."

Sheldon: "No, no, Sir John. That's too much."

Penn: "I make this bold challenge to all men, justly to accuse me with ever having heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word—much less that I make it my practice. . . . Thy words shall be my burden, and I trample thy slander under my feet."

Robinson: "Well, Mr. Penn, I have no ill-will towards you. Your father was my friend, and I have a great deal of kindness for you."

Penn: "Thou hast an ill way of expressing it. . . ."

Robinson: "Well, I must send you to Newgate

for six months, and when they are expired you will come out."

Penn: "Is that all? Thou well knowest a longer imprisonment has not daunted me. Alas, you mistake your interests; this is not the way to compass your ends."

Robinson: "You bring yourself into trouble. You will be heading of parties, and drawing people after you."

Penn: "Thou mistakest. There is no such way as this to render men remarkable."

Robinson: "I wish your adhering to these things do not convert you to something at last."

Penn: "I would have thee and all men know that I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain those that are afflicted for its sake. . . . Thy religion persecutes, mine forgives. I desire God to forgive you all that are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you all in perfect charity."

Robinson: "Send a corporal with a file of musqueteers with him."

Penn: "No, no; send thy lacquey. I know the way to Newgate."

During the whole of his long period of six months in jail, Penn was busily employed in writ-

ing; and as the results of this labour, not less than four important treatises came from his hand: 1. The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience. 2. Truth rescued from Imposture. 3. A Postscript to Truth exalted. 4. An Apology for the Quakers. Three of these works are of considerable length; and one of them, "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," is not only in itself a noble piece of work, but, from the nature of its subject, one which ought to be familiar to every one. Besides these larger works, the prisoner wrote many letters on public and private business. The young lady of Chalfont, from whom he had so lately parted, would naturally occupy not a few of his thoughts; but the cause in which they were jointly embarked had the first claim on his services. Besides long letters written to a Catholic who had taken offence at his "Caveat against Popery," and to the Sheriffs of London on the state of Newgate, and the abuses practised by the jailers on such as either could not, or from scruples of conscience would not, buy their favours; he wrote a dignified and temperate letter to the High Court of Parliament, then known to be contemplating a more rigorous enforcement of the act against conventicles, explaining the principles of his body as to civil and political affairs, proving that

the freedom they claimed was in no way dangerous to the State.

When his term of imprisonment was up, he went, abroad for a time; at first into Holland, and afterwards into Germany, neither of which countries he had seen in his earlier travels. He could speak the Low Dutch pretty well, and made some converts to his opinions. Embden was one of the cities in which he made a great impression. The first meeting was held in the house of Dr. Haesbert, who was deeply struck with the new doctrines proposed by the English missionary; and after giving the matter three months' consideration, Haesbert openly embraced them, and was the first Quaker in that part of the continent. About twelve months later Frau Haesbert joined him, and a godly meeting was in course of time formed in Embden, which looked to Penn with the feelings of a converted country to the apostle of its conversion. In the days of persecution which soon came upon them—when the members of the new sect were flogged in public, cast into loathsome dungeons, fed on bread and water, mulcted in heavy fines, and even banished from their native land—his voice was ever raised in their defence, and his influence used for their protection.

There were at this time many other religious communities in Holland in which Penn took a deep interest—various members of the great Puritan party of England, who had crossed over into that country on the return of the Stuarts, with the intention of ultimately migrating to the new world. To all these exiled sects America was the land of promise, the subject of their daily talk and nightly dreams. Many ships filled with emigrants had already gone out. At religious meetings and in domestic circles the accounts sent home by the adventurers of the perils of the sea-voyage, of the beauty and fertility of the new country, were read and re-read; and hardly a year passed by that did not witness the departure of a fresh band of these devout and sturdy founders of the great republic. The stories told by those who for a time were left behind of the trials from which they and their fellows had fled, of their unconquerable desire to found a free state in the depths of the wilderness, where every man should be able to worship God according to his conscience, of the dangers which their predecessors in the good work encountered and overcame, of their own anxiety to follow them to their new home—all this was deeply interesting to Penn, and served to revive the romantic dreams in which he had found com-

fort while at Oxford. Though his thoughts on this subject assumed as yet no practical shape, his mind became more and more fixed, during this tour, on the land to which he saw the best men of his age going out as settlers. The germ of Pennsylvania was quickening into life.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARRIED LIFE (1672—1673).

PENN was anxious to be near Guli Springett once again. Calling to see his mother at Wanstead on his way to London, he made a short stay in the capital, visiting old friends, reporting the results of his journey, and then posted down to Bucks. Received by the people of the Grange with open arms, by Guli Springett as her lover, and by Ellwood and Pennington as a champion of their faith, he passed in their society a considerable time, dallying with the days of courtship, and making preparations for his marriage. Not wishing to disturb Lady Penn at Wanstead, he took a house at Rickmansworth, six miles from Chalfont; and when everything was ready for Guli's reception, the marriage rites were performed in the early spring of 1672.

Their honeymoon lasted long. The spring and summer came and went, but Penn was still with his young wife at Rickmansworth. No flattery of friends, and no attack of foes, could draw him from that charming house. Since his expulsion from his father's house he had never known so much repose. Seeing him surrounded by all that makes domestic happiness complete—a charming home, a beautiful and loving wife, a plentiful estate, the prospect of a family, and a troop of attached and admiring friends,—those who knew him only at second hand imagined that the prisoner of Newgate and the Tower would now subside into the country gentleman, more interested in cultivating his paternal acres than in the progress of an unpopular doctrine. Those who reasoned so knew little of William Penn, and still less of the lady who had now become his wife. Some months given up to love, Guli would have scorned the man who could sink down into the sloth of the affections; who by outward showing to the world would have represented her alliance as bringing weakness to his character instead of strength.

The next three years of Penn's life were spent in working, writing, preaching. Guli rode with him from town to town, and as she had no little ones

as yet in the nursery, she could give up all her time to missionary work. As she was past her thirtieth year, it seemed as though the name of Penn might only live in what her husband wrote and said. He never laid his pen aside. Beyond his labours as a preacher, he composed in these three years no less than twenty-six books of controversy, some of which were rather long, and two political pamphlets—his treatise on Oaths, and England's Present Interests considered.

A controversy with Thomas Hicks, a Baptist minister, on the Inner Light, first drew him out of his retreat; and led him to indite his "Christian Quaker," his "Reason against Railing," and his "Counterfeit Christian detected." Men's minds were much unsettled. Two converts, fancying they felt a call, set off for Rome in order to convert the Pope. They had not been long in the Eternal City ere they were arrested as dangerous heretics and placed in confinement:—one of them, John Love, was sent to the Inquisition, where he died in a short time with such aids as the Holy Office used for the suppression of heresy; the other, John Perrot, was sent to a hospital for the insane. England could not quite abandon them, and after a good deal of interest had been made in his behalf, John Perrot

was set at liberty; on which he returned to his own country, where he soon gave his former friends so much trouble that they wished him back again in the Roman bedlam. It was in the conduct of men like Perrot that the weak side of the new Christian Democracy came out. Soon after his return to England, he began to preach the doctrine that even in prayer the hat should not be removed except at the Divine instance. This was felt by Penn to be a dangerous development of his own idea. Not uncover to God! It was not only absurd, but destroyed the argument on which his own refusal to unbonnet to the King was justified. Firm measures were taken with the innovator; but, as usual with such men, Perrot refused to conform, and was expelled the society. Thereupon he published a pamphlet called the "Spirit of the Hat,"—which Penn answered in "The Spirit of Alexander the Coppersmith." More pamphlets followed—Penn, as usual, having the last and strongest word.

In April, 1673, Penn's brother Richard died at Wanstead, where his mother still resided. Dick was buried at Walthamstow, and as he died a single man, his fortune passed to his elder brother.

The session of 1673 was occupied by a dispute

in the House of Commons as to the King's right to issue declarations of Liberty of Conscience without consent of Parliament. A majority of the Commons declared that his Majesty had exceeded his powers. Charles took time to consider his answer; and at last replied that his ancestors had exercised this disputed right. The Commons said it was not so; on which his Majesty, who said he was insulted, threatened to dissolve the House. But his more cautious and politic friend, Louis Quatorze, advised him to submit, in order to gain time till peace was finally concluded with Holland, when the regiments engaged on the Continent could be used against his enemies in England; Louis offering to supply him with money and forces from France sufficient to crush every attempt to resist his royal will. Charles adopted this counsel. The very evening on which it was offered by Colbert on behalf of his august master, the King sent for a copy of his declaration and tore it up in the presence of his ministers. Next day this act of grace was made public; the two Houses of Parliament received the intelligence with shouts of satisfaction; in the evening bonfires burst upon the capital, and every one seemed glad that Liberty of Conscience was withdrawn.

Hardly were these fires extinguished ere the Test Act, hurried through the Commons with indecent haste, was sent up to the Peers, and in less than ten days one of the most disgraceful laws ever passed in England was added to the book of statutes. Its authors professed to strike only at the Papists; and to prove their sincerity they introduced another bill for the relief of Nonconforming Protestants; but delay followed delay; the debates were adjourned from time to time; one clause after another was amended or struck out; and prorogation overtook them before their work was finished, and the whole body of Dissenters was left at the mercy of any one who might be moved to rake the old penal statutes up against them.

Foremost of these sufferers were the Quakers. At this juncture Penn produced his work on "England's present Interest." Every line of this production seems written with indignant hand—"There is no law under heaven, which has its rise from nature or grace, that forbids men to deal honestly and plainly with the greatest"—thus he begins; and addressing himself to those in authority, he proceeds to show how the old charters of liberty have been violated, adducing specific instances of each. He goes at great length into the origin of English

liberties; with a view to show that they are older in date than our religious feuds. "We were a free people," he says, "by the creation of God and by the careful provision of our never-to-be-forgotten ancestors; so that our claim to these English privileges, rising higher than Protestantism, can never justly be invalidated on account of nonconformity to any tenet or fashion it may prescribe. This would be to lose by the Reformation."—His concluding advice to the ruling power is—1. To conserve all the ancient rights and liberties of the people; 2. To grant entire freedom to opinion in matters of faith; and, 3. To endeavour to promote the growth of true and practical piety.

Though the composition of this work kept Penn at home a good part of the year, his attention was continually diverted to special cases of oppression; and the letters written by him to magistrates, sheriffs, lieutenants of counties and others in behalf of individual sufferers, would fill a volume.

Justice Fleming had been an old friend of the Springetts, and years before this date had been very kind to Guli when she paid a visit at his house in Westmoreland. Penn's letter of remonstrance to Fleming, written on receipt of some complaints of his harshness towards the Quakers in his magis-

terial capacity, is concluded in language of much courtliness and beauty. One can fancy Guli looking over Penn's shoulder as he wrote these words—"However differing I am from other men *circa sacra*, and that world which, respecting men, may be said to begin when this ends, I know no religion that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness."

Penn had been five years absent from court; but the arrest of George Fox, his spiritual chief, by the Worcester justices, and his imprisonment in Worcester Castle on a charge of refusing to take the oaths—George "would not swear at all"—induced him to appear once more in that familiar scene. Penn went with Captain Mead to Sackville, who advised that they should see the Duke of York, as being the only man with power enough to help them. If the Duke would back their cause, then he, Charles Sackville, would assist them also; but he could not move in such a work alone. They went to the Duke's palace, and by means of the Duchess's secretary, tried to gain admission; but they found the house so full of people and the Duke so busy, that the secretary could not obtain admission for himself. They were going away very sadly, when Colonel Aston, of the Duke's bed-chamber, seeing his old friend Penn, whom he had lost for a long

time, asked him into the drawing-room. Aston went into the Duke's closet; and James, on hearing who was there, at once came out, saying how glad he was to see his ward again. James listened to the request about Fox with much courtesy, and said he was against all persecution for religion's sake. In his youth, he confessed, he had been warm against sectaries, because he thought they used their conscience only as a pretext to disturb the government; but he now thought better of them, and was willing to do to others as he hoped to be done by. He wished all men were of that opinion; for he was sure no man was willing to be persecuted for his own belief. He would use his influence with the King. But where had Penn been all these years, and why had he not called before? He had promised the Admiral to look after his son; but that son had never shown himself at court. James told his ward to come whenever he had any business; he should always be pleased to see him; and would do his best to fulfil towards him the duties of a guardian.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOLY EXPERIMENT (1673—1676).

LOVE of country was one of the most powerful sentiments of a Puritan. But he had other inspirations. Love of personal freedom—claim to the free utterance of his thoughts—determination to bend his knee only at the shrine which his conscience owned—these things were stronger than the love of country, even than the love of life. Not lightly, not hastily, did the founders of the New World turn their backs on the land which had given them birth. Years of wrong and insult were required to loosen their tenacious hold of the soil which had been ploughed and reaped by their Saxon fathers. When endurance was at length exhausted, they departed more in sorrow than in anger; quitting the ports they were never more to behold again with blessings

on their lips, and with their faces like their hearts still turned towards dear old England. In the days of peace and concord, now and then recurring in the most unsettled times, the tide of emigration ebbed; but when the act of indulgence had been cancelled by the King, and the fury of persecution began to fill the jails with victims, plans for founding a New Home beyond the seas, away from the old political and religious rivalries of Europe, for the persecuted of all creeds and nations, were revived.

To Penn this dream had been more or less familiar from his youth. At twelve years old the victories of his father in Jamaica turned his fancies towards the West. By usage Admiral Penn should have received his share of the conquered lands, and but for his arrest by Cromwell, an estate—a very large one—in that island, would have come to Penn. It might come any day. The Admiral's claims against the crown were still unsettled, and the King might choose to pay his debts by giving up the lands which Cromwell had withheld. In the retirement of his family in Ireland Penn had been employed in planting an English colony on foreign soil; at Wanstead and in the Navy Gardens the subject of buying an estate in the New World had been often raised; in his hour of excitement and disobe-

dience at Oxford, he had turned to these earlier projects and laid out a new Oceana or Utopia in his fancy; at the yearly meetings of his own religious society the settlement of Quakers in Jamaica, in New England, and on the Delaware, had been frequently discussed. The journey he had recently made into Holland and Germany had roused the gathering zeal of years. At Amsterdam, at Leyden, in the cities of the Middle Rhine, his imagination was excited by the stories he had heard from relatives and friends of those who had crossed the Atlantic in their barks. At length his mind began to fix itself on what he called the Holy Experiment of planting a religious democracy in the western world.

His first connexion with the continent on which he was to build himself a monument was in the affairs of New Jersey. No reader need be told that in the reign of Charles the Second many of the colonies in America were either given or sold away to private persons. In accordance with his principle of misrule, the King made over to his brother James the province of New Netherland, then stretching from the shores of the Delaware river to the Connecticut river, even before a single rood of land had yet been wrested from the Dutch. Two months before the conquest of that country, James in turn

had granted to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, in equal shares, the region lying between the Hudson river and the Delaware river. When the English forces took possession of the country, these old names and boundaries were removed, and in honour of Sir George Carteret (a Jersey man) the province became New Jersey. As the object of nearly all noble owners of such estates was to make money, they offered such concessions—or constitutions—as would attract a crowd of able, energetic, and wealthy men. Without being advocates of civil and religious liberty, the speculators not unfrequently established in their colonial possessions enlarged and liberal laws. The owners of New Jersey offered some concessions in this spirit. A number of Puritans set sail from the port of New Haven, with a view to establish themselves in the new territory; and having reached the Passaic, they held a council there with Indian tribes, changed the name of the settlement to New Ark, and laid the foundations of a democratic state. Under their free and vigorous rule the province rapidly increased; the Quakers took an interest in it, and a few of them went out. But Berkeley in a short time grew dissatisfied; disputes arose about quit-rents and privileges; and the Earl found his ease disturbed by

murmur and remonstrance from men into whose hands he had passed away the reins. These troubles made him anxious to sell his share; and as Fox had just returned from a visit to the English settlements in America, the Quakers opened a communication with Berkeley, who agreed to sell his share in the province for a thousand pounds. The buyers, John Fenwick and Edward Billing, quarrelled, and the matter was referred to Penn. The letters still extant show that Fenwick was disposed to resist the award; but a rebuke from Penn, in which he spoke in noble and affecting language of the meanness of such quarrels, brought him round. "Thy grandchildren," said the expostulator to his client, "may be in the other world before the land thou hast allotted will be employed."

Fenwick, with his family and a number of emigrants, set sail in the ship *Griffith* for New Jersey, and ascending the Delaware a considerable distance, found a fertile and pleasant spot, where they landed their goods and chattels, formed a settlement, and called the town Salem—place of peace and rest. Meantime the affairs of Billing got involved. Unable to meet his creditors, Billing gave up his property into the hands of trustees. Penn was one of these trustees. Full of his old dreams of a model

state, and fresh from the study of Harrington and More, Penn was not content to carry on the government of the province as he found it, simply as a commercial venture, and without regard to the working out of great ideas. Sydney's lessons had made a deep impression on his mind; and Locke's constitution for Carolina was ever present to his thoughts. The first attempt to lay the foundations of a free colony was obstructed by the joint ownership of the soil, as even within the limits prescribed by law, the trustees of Billing could only exercise a semi-sovereignty, while Sir George Carteret remained co-partner. The object, then, which lay in front of every effort for the good of the settlers, was such a division of the province as should separate Carteret's share from the rest; and this result was obtained by Penn after a troublesome negotiation, on giving up the best half of the estate to the agents of the old proprietor, which was henceforth known as the province of East New Jersey,—that retained by the Quakers being called from its geographical position West New Jersey. By these two names the provinces were known for many years.

Left free to act, the trustees began their operations by dividing the land into a hundred lots, ten of which were made over to John Fenwick in satis-

faction of his claims. The other ninety lots were put up for sale, and the creditors being satisfied, Penn got power to carry out his own ideas in the work of settling a fundamental pact. As yet the mind of the legislator was itself in ferment. Harrington and the classic republicans still exercised a powerful influence over him; and it was not till some years later that his genius—aided by Algernon Sydney—found its highest expression in the laws and charters of the state which bears his name.

An outline of the new constitution for West New Jersey may be given in a few words:—the rights of free worship were secured—the legislative power was given in a great measure to the people—representatives were to be elected, not in the old way of acclamation, but by the ballot-box—every man of mature age and free from crime was an elector and was eligible for election—the executive power was vested in ten commissioners, to be appointed by the general assembly—the office of interpreting the law and pronouncing verdicts was confided to the juries, as Penn contended was the case in England by the ancient charters—and the judges, elected for two years, sat in the courts simply to assist the juries in arriving at a correct decision—the state was made to charge itself with the education of all

orphan children—no man was to be shut up in prison for debt. By these provisions and the laws which were to follow, Penn believed he was laying a foundation for those who came after him to understand their liberties as Christians and as men.

While he was toiling at the grounds of his Holy Experiment, Penn had the happiness to become a father. Guli bore him a son, whom Penn called Springett, after her heroic sire. As he was now a family man, he thought it right to have a house of his own, besides Shangarry Castle in county Cork; and after looking through the lovely southern shires, he fixed on Worminghurst, in Sussex; as a high and healthy spot, seven miles from Shoreham, with noble timber in the park, and air kept fresh by breezes from the sea. For this estate he paid four thousand five hundred pounds; and got a bargain in it, since the surplus wood was worth, as he supposed, two thousand pounds. Sydney had a place in the neighbourhood. On this noble Sussex down Penn nursed his first-born son, and perfected his frame of government for a Free State.

When this document was finished, the trustees met and resolved on its publication in the shape of a letter, which they signed. A brief description of the soil, air, climate, natural productions, and other

features of West New Jersey followed; and it is characteristic of Penn that he added a cautionary postscript to his countrymen against indulging, without sufficient cause, in the thought of seeking for a new home—of leaving their native land either out of curiosity, from a love of change, or in the spirit of gain. Yet Worminghurst was soon besieged with applications for plots of land in the Free State. Two companies were formed to establish trade and promote emigration, one in Yorkshire, and one in Middlesex. The members of the Yorkshire company were chiefly creditors of Billing; as a set-off to their claims, they received from the trustees ten of the original hundred parts of land. By cancelling these debts the property was freed.

The purchasers of land at once made preparations for the voyage. Before there was as yet a people in West New Jersey, Penn found it desirable to have an authority, legally constituted, to conduct the enterprise; and with this view he proposed to institute a provisional government—himself selecting some of its members, Fenwick's party and the two companies nominating the other members. Thomas Olive and Daniel Wills were appointed to act as commissioners by the London company; Joseph Helmsly and Robert Stacey by the Yorkshire pro-

prietors; Richard Guy was named on behalf of the former emigrants; and to these were added Benjamin Scott, John Kinsey, and three others. These ten persons were to exercise the powers of the ten commissioners mentioned in the fundamental laws until such time as a popular government, chosen in a legal and orderly way, could be organised, on which their functions were to cease.

Penn organised the emigration, and engaged the good ship *Kent*, Gregory Marlow, master, to carry out the commissioners, their families and tenants, to the number of two hundred and thirty persons. The vessel was moored high up in the Thames; at the hour fixed for her departure the emigrants went on board accompanied by their friends; and the master was just on the point of weighing anchor, amid the tears and embraces of relatives about to part for ever, when a light and gilded barge was seen to be gliding over the smooth waters towards them. Something in the appearance of the *Kent* had caught the attention of its occupants, for the boatmen, now seen to be attired in the royal livery, used their oars as if they had been ordered to come alongside. It was the King. He asked the name of the ship and whither it was bound. Being answered, he inquired if the emigrants were all Quakers,

to which they answered Yes; on which he gave them his blessing, and pulled away.

Two other vessels followed the *Kent*; one of them sailed from Hull with a body of emigrants from Yorkshire, the other from London freighted with a hundred and fourteen persons from the southern counties. When the new-comers arrived at their destination, Andros, governor of New York, claimed jurisdiction over them and their territory, justifying his claim by reference to the feudal law and the colonial charter; but both parties fortunately were moderate in their tone, and while the question of rights was referred to the mother country, the Quakers entered into treaties with the natives for the purchase of land, and under a sail-cloth, set up in the forest of Burlington, began to assemble for public worship. The native tribes came from their hunting-grounds to confer with these peaceful strangers, who carried purses in their hands to pay for what they required, instead of muskets to seize on it by force. "You are our brothers," said the Sachem chiefs, after hearing their proposals, "and we will live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Englishman falls asleep in this path, the Indian shall pass him by and say—He is an Englishman; he is

asleep; let him alone. The path shall be plain. There shall not be in it a stump to hurt the feet." Commenced under such auspices, West New Jersey prospered. Land was sold and cleared. The Sachems kept the peace. The population multiplied. Some letters written by the leaders of their party in England to these happy colonists are still extant; from these it would be inferred that in a very few years West New Jersey had become a new Arcadia—that the Holy Experiment was a safe success—that Penn had realised the State which Sydney had conceived and Harrington had dreamed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WORK AND TRAVEL (1677).

HAVING got his Holy Experiment under shape, Penn turned his thoughts to those Dutch and Rhenish towns in which he had planted Quaker congregations. Not a few of these societies had fallen into bad ways; some were suffering persecution; some were rent by quarrels; all were anxious for his presence. Those who suffered from their feudal lords were eager to be told about that Free State which he was helping to found in the great deserts beyond the sea. For each he had a message full of hope. The Princess Elizabeth, who held her court at Herwerden, begged her "affectionate friend" to pay her a second visit now that his affairs allowed him time.

Leaving Guli and her child at Worminghurst, he rode to Harwich, where he found George Fox,

Robert Barclay, and other Quakers waiting for him. Armed with books and tracts, explanatory of Quaker doctrines, printed in various languages, English, French, Dutch, and German, they took their passage in a ship commanded by one of Admiral Penn's old officers, who out of affection for his former patron let them convert his quarter-deck into a conventicle. When they came in sight of Brill, Penn and Barclay, anxious to land ere nightfall, stept in a boat. Before they got ashore, the sun went down; the gates were closed; and as no houses stood outside the walls, they had to make their beds in a fisherman's boat. At dawn the passengers landed and started immediately for Rotterdam, where they held meetings of their friends. Penn spoke in Dutch, while the eloquence of George Fox had to be interpreted word for word. Meetings had been prepared for them in all the towns along their route, and three Dutch converts, Claus, Arents, and Bocliffs, came to them from Amsterdam to conduct them on their way. At Leyden and at Haarlem, where they held meetings and spread abroad a knowledge of their tenets, other deputies from Alchmaer and Embden met them. Their journey through the country was a triumph. At Amsterdam they organised the scattered Quakers and settled some of the nicer

points of doctrine—such as the non-necessity for priest or magistrate as a witness to the ceremony of marriage. Another matter which came before them was the suffering of their disciples in various countries, especially the case of certain inhabitants of Dantzic, which city then formed a part of the Polish republic. Sobieski, King of Poland, was at the time on a visit to Dantzic; and Penn advised that a petition should be presented to him in the name of the suffering citizens, briefly detailing their wrongs and asking at his hands the right to worship God according to their faith. This petition Penn was desired to draw up, which he did in suitable and noble terms, quoting most happily a saying of Stephen, one of Sobieski's most illustrious predecessors—"I am a king of men, but not of consciences; king of bodies, not of souls."

Leaving Fox at Amsterdam, Penn and Barclay went to Herwerden, where the Electress gave them a friendly welcome. This pious woman, daughter of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine and King of Bohemia, was a granddaughter of James the First, a cousin to the reigning King of England, and a sister of Prince Rupert—the old rival and enemy of Admiral Penn. The Princess treated Penn with courtesy and affection; his gratitude survived

her; and in one of the subsequent editions of "No Cross, no Crown" he added her name to his list of benefactors and examples to mankind.

Penn and Barclay stayed at an inn of the town, but visited the court daily, holding meetings and discoursing before her Highness on the principles of their creed. They dined at the common table of their hotel, where they met with many strangers, to whom they distributed books and tracts. One of these, a student at the college of Duysburg, told them of a "sober and seeking man of great note in the city of Duysburg," which determined Penn to pay a visit to that town. As the last service drew to a close, Elizabeth walked up to Penn, took him by the hand, and leading him aside, began to speak of the sense she had of God's power and presence; but emotion choked her utterance, and she sobbed out, "I cannot speak to you; my heart is full!" Penn whispered some few words of comfort. When she gained her voice, she pressed the missionaries to visit her again on their return from the Upper Rhine. Penn promised to do so if they could. She asked them to sup with her that evening, which they at first refused; but the lady would not be denied, and they yielded so far as to take some bread and wine. "We left them," says Penn, "in

the love and peace of God, praying that they might be kept from the evil of this world."

Next morning Barclay set out to join Fox at Amsterdam, while Penn and Keith took places in an open cart for Frankfort. Pushing on through Paderborn, "a dark Popish city," and Cassel, where they were "tenderly received," obstructed by the heavy rains, bad roads, and primitive vehicle, they arrived in Frankfort just a week after leaving Herwerden. About three miles from Frankfort they were met by two merchants who came forth to welcome them, and report that many of their fellow-citizens were prepared to receive the faith. Doctors, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, noble ladies, peasants, and handworkers, came to hear them preach. One girl cried out, "It will never be well with us till persecution comes, and some of us be lodged in the stadthouse." Penn did not neglect the temporal liberties and worldly interests of his Church. America was a theme of conversation; and among those who took an interest in the colony were Franz Pastorius, Von Dewalle, Dr. Schütz, and Daniel Behagel, all of whom emigrated in a few years. From Frankfort Penn addressed a letter to "the Churches of Jesus throughout the world," in which

he exhorted the faithful to take up the cross, to curb the pride of life, and to redeem the time.

Going up the Rhine, the travellers passed through Worms on the fifth day, and in the evening arrived at Kirchheim, six miles from Worms. In this small place the missionary made a deep impression, and the fruits of that day's preaching are still visible in Pennsylvania. The home of which he told them beyond the seas was hardly less welcome to the Protestants of Kirchheim than that better home which he promised them beyond the skies.

Penn was anxious to do something for this handful of true believers, and he went to Mannheim to consult with the Prince Palatine, and ascertain what encouragement that Prince would offer to a colony of virtuous and industrious families, in the event of a considerable number being willing to remove into his territory; also to learn how they would stand in respect to their refusal to take oaths, bear arms, and pay ecclesiastical taxes. On his arrival at Mannheim, finding the Prince had gone to Heidelberg, he contented himself with writing a letter to his Highness, and returned to Worms that evening by the boat.

From Worms they dropped down the stream to Cologne, and met their disciples at the house of a

merchant, who at their departure furnished them with a letter of introduction to Dr. Mästricht of Duysburg, which city they were now anxious to visit, not only on account of what the student had told them of "the sober and seeking man of note," but because they had been informed by the Princess Elizabeth that the young and beautiful Countess von Falkenstein, whose father lived in that neighbourhood, was seriously inclined.

Duysburg, a Calvinistic city, lay in the territory of the Elector of Brandenburg. On their arrival they sought out Dr. Mästricht and delivered their letter. He told them they were very fortunate in the time of their visit, as, it being Sunday, the young Countess would have left her father's castle and crossed the river to Mulheim, where she would, as usual, spend the day at a clergyman's house. He cautioned them, however, not to make themselves public, as much for the young lady's sake as for their own,—her father, a coarse and rigorous person, being already much displeased with her. Thus warned, they set out for Mulheim. On their way they met with Heinrich Schmidt, a schoolmaster, who told them the Countess had returned. To him they gave the letter from Dr. Mästricht. In an hour he came to say the Countess would be

glad to see them, but knew not where, as her father kept so strict a hand over her. She thought it would be best for them to cross the water and go to the house of her friend the clergyman. While they were talking, the Graf with his attendants came from the castle, and seeing persons in a foreign dress standing near his gate, sent one of his retinue to inquire who they were, what they wanted, and whither they were going. Before the Graf received his answers, he walked up and questioned them in person. Penn replied, that they were Englishmen from Holland, and were going no farther than to his own town of Mulheim; on hearing which answer, one of the Graf's gentlemen walked up to the strangers with a frown on his face, and asked them if they knew before whom they stood; and if they had not yet learned how to deport themselves before noblemen and in the presence of princes? Penn answered, he was not aware of any disrespect. "Then why don't you take off your hats?" said one. "Is it respectful to stand covered in the presence of the sovereign of the country?" The Quakers took no notice of his gesture, but replied that they uncovered to none but God. "Well, then," said the Graf, "get out of my dominions; you shall not go to my town." Penn tried

to reason with the offended Graf von Falkenstein, who called his men, and bade them lead these Englishmen out of his estates.

It was dusk; they were alone in a strange land; for after conducting them to a thick forest, the soldiers returned to the castle and left them to find their own way back. This forest was three miles in length, and the roads being unknown to them, and the night dark, they wandered in and out. At length they came into an open country, and were soon below a city wall. What city? It was ten o'clock; the gates were shut. In vain they hailed; no sentinel replied. The town had no suburbs; not a single house or building stood beyond the ditch. They lay down in an open field, in search of such repose as they might find on the marshy ground of the Lower Rhine. At three in the morning they got up, stiff with cold, and walked about till five, comforting each other with the assurance that a great day for Germany was at hand, "several places in that country being almost ripe for the harvest." After the cathedral clock struck five the gates were opened, and the outcasts gained the shelter of their inn.

Mästricht was "surprised with fear, the common disease of this country," says Penn, when he heard

of the affair with Graf von Falkenstein. He asked minutely what had passed, and was relieved to find they had not named the Countess. For themselves he thought they had escaped pretty well, as the Graf usually amused himself by setting his dogs to worry persons who were found loitering near his castle gates.

Failing to see the young Countess, Penn had the satisfaction to receive from her a message by the hand of her page. In return he wrote to her a long letter of consolation; and so he went his way.

Dropping down the Rhine — proclaiming their mission in all towns and preparing men for emigration—the travellers at length arrived at Amsterdam. There they found that Fox had gone to Harlingen, whither Penn followed him; and so they stayed in Holland and in the countries about the Elbe and the Lower Rhine until the winter set in, when they again returned to England, by way of Rotterdam and Harwich. On the passage home they met a violent storm. They were at sea three days and nights; the rain fell in torrents; the wind set dead against them; the vessel sprang a leak; and labour at the pumps, both night and day, could hardly keep the hold from filling. Fear fell on the

seamen; but no sooner had the danger passed away, than they resumed their wanton mood.

On landing at Harwich, Fox proposed to hold a meeting in that town, and then going on by Colchester and other places make their way towards London. Penn was anxious to be at Worminghurst; and while his friends were willing to travel luxuriously in a cart bedded with straw, he mounted the best horse he could find and rode away.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WORLD (1673).

FOR two years after his return from Germany, Penn was much in the world and much about the court. His position was a strange one. Standing aloof from all intrigues in that intriguing court; taking no direct and personal part in politics; a candidate for no office; seeking no honour, no emolument that courts can give; accustomed from his youth to mix on equal terms with peers; acquainted with the leading spirits of the day, yet free from their ambition and their lust of pleasure; no man's rival in either love, business, or gallantry; his neutrality in personal and party strife secured to him a larger share of intercourse with leading men than any other individual of the time enjoyed. While graced so highly by the Duke of York, it was easy

for him to maintain a high standing with the wits, ministers, and favourites, who daily thronged the galleries of Whitehall; and far beyond that circle he enjoyed the confidence of men whom no such blandishments could win. Not only was he intimate with the Catholic Duke of Ormonde, and his sons, the Earl of Ossory and Lord Arran, but also with that champion of Protestant doctrine, the pious Tillotson. His virtues were appreciated by the Whig Lord Russell, the Tory Lord Hyde, and the Republican Algernon Sydney. Of other men with whom he lived at this time on terms of intimacy, there were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shaftsbury, the Marquis of Halifax, the Earl of Sunderland, the Earl of Essex, and Lord Churchill. Some of these friends adopted his views on the great subject of Liberty of Faith. Buckingham was supporting a more liberal policy in parliament; and Penn tried very hard to induce him to devote his splendid talents to this national reform. By Penn's advice the Duke made more than one attempt; but the Church party was too wary to be surprised, too powerful to be overthrown; and then a new face, a fresh whim, a fit of the spleen, would distract his grace. In the Duke of York—and in him alone—Penn found a steadfast friend to Liberty of Con-

science. Penn availed himself of the royal favour to obtain a pardon for his brethren when they fell under persecution, and to urge on the great work of securing an Act of Toleration from the House of Commons.

But the family with which he held the most intimate relations was that of Sydney. With the several members of this gifted race he lived on friendly terms. Estranged from each other, they put confidence in Penn—appealed to his wisdom in their difficulties, and sometimes placed their interests in his charge. Towards Henry Sydney, a man younger than himself, Penn retained an affection which had commenced in early life; but to his great brother Algernon he was at once a friend and pupil. Henry was nearly twenty years younger than his illustrious brother. He had seen but little of the best period of the Revolution, and had never known the purer and more moderate of its chiefs. Gifted by nature with a handsome face and a voluptuous imagination, he had easily taken up the courtly habits which he found in fashion when he entered life. Between the brothers there was little sympathy, and not much love. In his infancy Algernon had been remarkable for his fine wit and natural sweetness. In the civil war he had made a name

for wisdom in the council and for valour in the field. A sincere republican, he had opposed the designs of Cromwell with as much zeal as he had shown in fighting against the King. Abroad at the Restoration, he had lived in exile rather than unsay a single word of his political faith. For seventeen years had he lived abroad; his friends had made great efforts to obtain for him a pardon; but as he would concede nothing, the negotiations had always failed. The utmost that could be drawn from him—though wasting away with sickness—was a declaration to the effect that he was willing to submit to the King, since Parliament had done so. He could on no account regret what he had done, renounce his old opinions, or even ask a pardon. To those who bade him distrust the instincts which made him a wanderer and a beggar in a foreign land, he said, "I walk in the light which God hath given me. If it be dim or uncertain, I must bear the penalty of my errors. I hope to do it with patience, and that no burden should be very grievous to me except sin and shame. God keep me from these evils, and in all things else dispose of me according to His pleasure."

After an absence of seventeen years Sydney was allowed to return to his father's death-bed. Penn

saw him; they discussed his schemes. A man of Sydney's strength could not remain inactive. Old Commonwealth men looked up to him. A vanquished body, they had great traditions; and were very powerful in the towns. If Sydney never hid his preference of a republic to a monarchy he was willing to help in bringing about reforms in the government,—and one great object of the men with whom he acted was to procure an act of Parliament giving Freedom to Conscience. Buckingham's vanity was flattered with the thought of being at the head of this body of reformers, but the French agent, M. Barillon, saw and said that he was swayed by Sydney.

An impression was produced on the two houses, and in the early part of 1678 there had arisen a more friendly feeling towards Non-conformers. The House of Commons no longer refused to hear of grievances; and Penn presented a petition to that body on behalf of suffering Quakers who had been confounded with the followers of Rome in order to involve them in a common fault and fine. A committee was named to see if it were possible to relieve the great body of Protestants from penalties which had been legally imposed on Catholics. Penn was heard by this committee. "If,"

he said, "we ought to believe that is is our duty, according to the doctrine of the Apostle, to be always ready to give an account of the hope that is in us to every sober and private inquirer, certainly much more ought we to hold ourselves obliged to declare with all readiness, when called to it by so great an authority, what is *not* our hope; especially when our very safety is eminently concerned in so doing, and when we cannot decline this discrimination of ourselves from Papists without being conscious to ourselves of the guilt of our own sufferings, for so must every man needs be who suffers mutely under another character than that which truly belongeth to him and his belief. That which gives me more than an ordinary right to speak at this time, and in this place, is the great abuse which I have received above any other of my profession; for of a long time I have not only been supposed a Papist, but a Seminary, a Jesuit, an emissary of Rome, and in pay from the Pope; a man dedicating my endeavours to the interest and advancements of that party. Nor hath this been the report of the rabble, but the jealousy and insinuation of persons otherwise sober and discreet. Nay, some zealous for the Protestant religion have been so far gone in this mistake, as not only to think ill of us, and

to decline our conversation, but to take courage to themselves to prosecute us for a sort of concealed Papists; and the truth is, we have been as the wool-sacks and common whipping-stock of the kingdom: all laws have been let loose upon us, as if the design were not to reform, but destroy us; and this not for what we are, but for what we are not. It is hard that we must thus bear the stripes of another interest and be their proxy in punishment. I would not be mistaken. I am far from thinking it fit that Papists should be whipped for their consciences, because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists. No; for though the hand, pretended to be lifted up against them, hath lighted heavily on us, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come in our room; for we must give the liberty we ask; and cannot be false to our principles, though it were to relieve ourselves. We have good-will to all men, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand. And I humbly take leave to add, that those methods against persons so qualified do not seem to me to be convincing, or indeed adequate to the reason of mankind."

To doubt the policy of whipping Papists, was in that age fatal. Penn, however, spoke the truth;

and spoke it years before John Locke had given it form and breadth. The Church was still a persecuting Church; the Catholics were intolerant in their practice; Puritans, Independents, Presbyterians, each appealed in turn to stocks and whipping-posts.

The committee resolved to insert in a bill then before Parliament a clause providing relief; and in this amended form the bill, having passed a third reading in the lower House, went up under promising auspices to the Peers. The friends of Toleration were already congratulating each other on a first victory, when, from an obscure and unexpected quarter, burst a storm.

Titus Oates was a minister of the Church of England till his dissolute life had caused him to be expelled. He joined the Roman Catholics; he entered the Jesuits' College at Valladolid; he afterwards removed to that of St. Omer; from both of which he was removed in shame. In these colleges he had heard conversations on the prospects of Catholicism in England, and suggestions for carrying on the good work of its recovery to the ancient faith. A quick imagination framed from these materials the Popish Plot. Oates said he had been trusted by the Jesuits in Spain and France with the conveyance of certain letters and papers;

that he had opened these documents out of curiosity; that he had become possessed of dark and terrible secrets. England, he asserted, was to be the scene of a bloody drama. Charles was to be killed. William of Orange was to be also killed. Even James, the Catholic Duke of York, would not be spared. The price of these great crimes had been already paid. Every true Protestant would be murdered. A French army was to land in Ireland. When the reformed faith was put down, the whole country would be given up to the Jesuits. What the real facts—if any—underlying all these fables were, has never been discovered. Men of sober sense believed there were some facts. Sydney, than whom no man in that age had a more thorough knowledge of the Catholic courts, believed in a plot, as Penn believed in a plot. Sir William Temple thought there was a plot.

England was in a temper to receive with eagerness a story of intrigue. The fears of every good Protestant were fed with rumours of the royal apostasy; and the only cordial friend of the reigning house, the King of France, was known to be a bigoted servant of his church. Some vague idea got abroad that Louis had supplied the court with money. Charles was suspected of a secret leaning

towards the religion of his wife and his mistresses, and the Duke of York was an avowed and obstinate Catholic. Contrary to the wishes of Parliament, James had married an Italian; should there be issue of this alliance, there was a fear that a line of Catholic princes might succeed him. Thus, the feeling of the country was alarmed; and wild as were the stories told by Oates, they found a willing audience in the streets.

On seeing how much was made of Oates by men of rank and fashion, Bedloe, Dangerfield, and other scoundrels, brought out newer, more astounding tales. The wiser people only laughed at these impostors; but the affair of Coleman and the murder of Godfrey gave such colour to the charge as made it dangerous to express in public any doubt as to the plot.

CHAPTER XX.

ALGERNON SYDNEY (1678—1679).

SYDNEY and Penn were anxious to have the alleged plot sifted to the quick; Sydney to uncover Royalist intrigues, and Penn to satisfy his mind about the Jesuits. Sydney looked for a convenient seat. Penn could not go into the House of Commons, but he used his pen to help in what he felt to be his country's need. He issued one address to Quakers. Fearing, in the general consternation, lest some might be led astray, he exhorted them not to be drawn out of their sober course by rumours of plots and conspiracies, but to stand aloof, discharging their duties, in the perilous times which were at hand. He wrote a second address to Protestants of every denomination. These duties done, he wrote a tract entitled "England's great Interest in the

Choice of a new Parliament," composed with a view to promote the choice of wise and liberal members at the approaching poll.

In the address to Protestants of every party, Penn reviewed the moral question. He began by showing the fallacy of vicarious virtue. If the people would be honestly governed, they must be honest themselves. Vice is the disease of which nations die. No just government ever perished—no unjust government ever long maintained its power. Virtue is the life of society. All history proves it; but if immorality is the chief destroyer of nations, unwise policy is only a little less injurious than active vice. Foremost among errors of policy is the attempt to interfere with thought. Act, not thought, is the proper subject of law. A man's conception of such abstractions as fate, free-will, election, and the like, is not a thing to punish. No less mischievous is the fallacy of measuring conduct by belief. The test of faith is practice. He who acts well believes well. Morality is debased when tested from above. Virtue may be necessary to the state of grace, but grace is not indispensable to virtue. It is a grand mistake to disparage morality under pretence of looking to higher things.

“England’s great Interest in the choice of a new Parliament” was political. Sydney and he were much together at this time; and Sydney’s hand is traceable in the pamphlet. Sydney was a frequent and cherished guest at Worminghurst. “All is at stake!” says Penn. “The times demand the utmost wisdom. The new Parliament will have the gravest duties:—to investigate the plot and punish its authors; to impeach corrupt and arbitrary ministers of state; to detect and punish representatives who have sold their votes to shorten the duration of parliaments; and, finally, to ease Dissenters from the galling cruelties of the Conventicle Act and other similar acts. Such work required bold and able men.” In sketching his man for the day, he had Sydney chiefly in his mind. “The man for England should,” he urged, “be able, learned, well affected to liberty; one who will neither buy his seat nor sell his services; he must be free from suspicion of being a pensioner on the court; he should be a person of energy and industry, free from the vices and weaknesses of town gallants; a respecter of principles, but not of persons; fearful of evil, but he should be courageous in good; a true Protestant; above all, a man unconnected by office and favour with the court.”

The writs were issued. Sydney was proposed for Guildford. Penn was at his side.

Hitherto Penn had taken no part in politics. His moral sense was hurt by scenes of low corruption—by the eating and drinking, by the revelries and disorders, by the insolence of officials, by the envy, malice, and uncharitableness to which elections then gave rise. But in the interests of his friend these scruples went for nothing. For Sydney and his cause Penn would have done much more than give a few weeks to canvassing electors, making liberal speeches, and quoting the great charters of our liberty. But government was little pleased to see him acting as the friend of Sydney, and the government had power to make him feel the King's displeasure. His account was still unsettled. Neither principal nor interest of the debts owing to his father had been paid; and it was evident that any settlement of his claim would rest on the good will of Charles and James. It was his interest therefore to be well at court. But he was acting with Sydney; a man who had borne arms against the Stuarts in his ardent youth, and in his riper manhood still avowed himself a partisan of the Commonwealth. To lie under suspicion of republicanism was enough to ruin any public man. When

Sydney's hope of sitting for Guildford became known, the Court prepared to oppose his candidature with all its power; but Penn paid no respect to this hostility, and boldly put in peril the chief part of his worldly fortune rather than stand apart.

The day of election drawing nigh, the Court party became very active. Colonel Dalmahoy was sent to stand as "a King's friend;" the mayor and recorder of the town were bought; bribery, treating, intimidation, all the baser practices, were brought to bear on Guildford. Soldiers were discharged from service on promising to vote for Dalmahoy. Non-residents were sought. Paupers were made to tender votes. To make the Commonwealth-men odious, Penn was accused of being a Jesuit, Sydney was branded as a regicide. For upwards of three weeks the town was a scene of disorder. Both parties feasted their supporters; for the sternest virtue of that age was held to be compatible with cakes and ale.

At length the day of election came. In spite of everything the Court could do, Sydney had promises of a majority of votes. Penn went with his friend to the hustings and made a powerful speech. "Don't listen to him; he's a Jesuit," shouted the Recorder; but the people laughed at their Recorder, not at

Penn. That officer called for a New Testament and tendered Penn the oaths—well knowing that he would not take them. Penn, the better lawyer of the two, said quietly, the offer of an oath in such a place was contrary to law. At this rebuke the Recorder lost all patience, called his men, and pushed the speaker from his seat.

This use of violence was made too late. Sydney had a majority of votes. But having gone such lengths as he had done to serve his sovereign, the Recorder refused to sanction Sydney's poll, on the plea that he was not a freeman of the town.

Penn and Sydney held a conference of their friends, at which it was resolved to petition against the return of Dalmahoy, and persons were appointed to watch the movements of the enemy and make reports. It was late in the evening when Penn parted from Sydney; he had been from home some time; and he was getting anxious about Guli and the little folks. As he rode along, his mind was deeply troubled at the scenes he had just witnessed—the profligacy and unfairness of the Court party,—the indifference of so many electors,—the contumely heaped on his noble friend, because he and his party “had a conscientious regard for England.” When he got home he found his family in health;

but instead of giving himself up, as usual with him, to domestic intercourse, he went to his room and wrote to Sydney.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I hope you got all well home, as I, by God’s goodness, have done. I reflected upon the way of things past at Guildford, and that which occurs to me as reasonable is this, that so soon as the articles or exceptions are digested, we should show them to Sergeant Maynard, and get his opinion of the matter. Sir Francis Winnington and Wallope have been used on these occasions too. Thou must have counsel before the Committee; and to advise first upon the reason of an address or petition with them, in my opinion, is not imprudent, but very fitting. If they say that (the conjecture considered, thy qualifications and alliance, and his ungratefulness to the House) they believe all may amount to an unfair election, then I offer to wait presently upon the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Shaftsbury, Lord Essex, Lord Halifax, Lord Hollis, Lord Gray, and others, to use their utmost interest in reversing this business. This may be done in five days. I was not willing to stay till I come, which will be with the first. Remember the non-residents on their side, as Legg and others. I left order with all our interest to bestir themselves, and

watch, and transmit an account to thee daily. I bless God, I found all well at home. I hope a disappointment so strange (a hundred and forty poll-men as we thought last night considered) does not move thee. Thou, as thy friends, hast a conscientious regard for England; and to be put aside by such base ways is really a suffering for righteousness. Thou hast embarked thyself with them that seek, and love, and choose the best things; and number is not weight with thee. "Tis late, I am weary, and hope to see thee quickly. Farewell."

A petition on behalf of Sydney was sent to the House of Commons. Terror of the Popish plot had spread, and seldom before had England returned so implacable and intolerant a parliament. Another crisis soon came on. Monmouth had been sent into banishment, and his mother branded as a wanton. These acts of the Catholic party added fuel to the flame:—and the Houses met in a most threatening mood. Their rage was prompt. Danby was committed to the Tower. The Duke of York was banished the realm. The Whigs—the party led by Shaftsbury and Russell—were on the eve of a decisive victory—when Charles again dissolved.

Sydney prepared to stand again, but not for

Guildford. Penn, after riding much about the southern counties, testing the feeling of constituencies, urged him to try the rape of Bramber, where the name of Sydney bore with it assurance of success. The rape of Bramber lay within five miles of Worminghurst, where the Penns had strong connexions; Springetts, Ellwoods, Faggs, Temples; and on all of whom they felt that they might count. Penn fell to work with zeal, and in a few days all these families were in Sydney's camp. He tried to enlist the Pelhams in the same cause, though in a recent county election he had opposed that family in favour of Sir John Fagg. As soon as the writs were out, Penn rode to Bramber. Quick and ardent, he communicated his own zeal to others, and with Sir John Fagg and Sir John Temple as his helpers, he commenced an active canvass. When he spoke of Sydney's virtues, things looked well; but when his partners in the canvass treated the men to beer in Sydney's name, they looked much better. As the rape of Bramber had scarcely a hundred inhabitants, it was not difficult to treat them all. Captain Goring, the court candidate, broached his ale and tossed his cakes. Parsons, the second liberal candidate, treated for himself and Sydney also; meaning, if he saw no chance of carrying both the

seats, to yield in Sydney's favour at the poll. Both Fagg and Temple thought their friend's election sure.

In this emergency, the Court resorted to the vilest arts. Knowing the influence which the name of Sydney exercised, Lord Sunderland, whose genius now directed every movement at the palace, formed the plan of opposing brother to brother—arraying one Sydney against another Sydney. Sunderland, being Sydney's nephew, was aware of the divisions in his family. He knew that Henry Sydney, weak by nature, would do anything to please the King. Henry had received some proofs of royal favour, and had reason given him to hope for more. He had been graciously allowed to buy Godolphin's place of Master of the Robes for six thousand pounds. He had been sent to Holland as envoy extraordinary to the Prince of Orange. He could not quarrel with Whitehall; and so he let his name be put up by his brother's foes.

When this design was whispered in the rape of Bramber, Penn would not believe it. But he knew the danger, should report prove true; for the first effect of it would be to carry the Pelham interest to the other side. Penn felt that no time should be lost, and urged on Sydney the importance of his coming down at once:

“DEAR FRIEND,—I am now at Sir John Fagg’s, where I and my relations dined. I have pressed the point with what diligence and force I could; and, to say true, Sir John Fagg has been a most zealous, and, he believes, a successful friend to thee. But, upon a serious consideration of the matter, it is agreed that thou comest down with all speed, but that thou takest Hall-Land in thy way, and bringest Sir John Pelham with thee,—which he ought less to scruple, because his having no interest can be no objection to his appearing with thee; the commonest civility that can be is all desired. The borough has kindled at thy name, and takes it well. If Sir John Temple may be credited, he assures me it is very likely. He is at work daily. Another, one Parsons, treats to-day, but for thee as well as himself, and mostly makes his men for thee, and perhaps will be persuaded, if you two carry it not, to bequeath his interest to thee, and then Captain Goring is thy colleague; and this I wish, both to make the thing easier and to prevent offence. Sir John Pelham sent me word, he heard that thy brother Henry Sydney would be proposed to that borough, or already was, and till he was sure of the contrary, it would not be decent for him to appear. Of that thou canst best inform him. That

day you come to Bramber, Sir John Fagg will meet you both; and that night you may lie at Wiston, and then, when thou pleasest, with us at Worminghurst."

Penn wrote a second letter to Pelham to protest against the scandal of Henry's name being used in his absence to the prejudice of Algernon; expressing his fears that this ungenerous act would lead to greater feuds in the Sydney family. Sunderland moved the wires at will; and what with feasting and drinking—the Pelhams contributing half a fat buck—the men of Bramber were divided at the poll. Henry obtained as many votes as his brother. Algernon got the casting voice, and was declared duly returned. Penn now considered his friend about to take his seat, where his counsels and his example might be of service to his country. But as soon as the Houses met, his return was cancelled by a court intrigue.

This second disappointment made a deep impression on the mind of Penn. It drove the rage of Guildford from his thoughts. That Dalmahoy should be willing to take advantage of an honest adversary, that a petty official, whom the court could make or mar at pleasure, should be ready to stain

his fame, were things conceivable to him. But that a nephew and a brother—members of an illustrious house, and men whom he had known for years—should serve the purpose of a base cabal, to the dishonour of their blood, these things were inconceivable to him. If the nearest relatives of Sydney would not pause at such an act of baseness, what was left for virtue but to flee away from a corrupt society and court?

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW COUNTRY (1680).

TURNING from the rape of Bramber and the gallery of Whitehall, Penn looked in mind across the ocean. He had made another effort; he had failed; but though he never sank in hope, he felt that there was hardly room in England for a new experiment in freedom to be made. The people were too much divided; some too rich and some too poor; some too learned, some too ignorant; for a frame of government in which every man ought to be the equal of every other man. On finding that a trial could not well be made in England, Penn adopted the romantic scheme of giving up his fortune and his future life to trying this experiment in lands beyond the sea.

In place of the great sums of money due to his

deceased father—not a penny of which had yet been paid—he offered to accept a stretch of desert, lying backwards towards the unknown west, beyond the Delaware. This tract was then a wilderness, with here and there a house of wood and thatch, in which some Dutch or Swedish farmer lived. To this wild country he proposed to lead out a colony of citizens, to seek those fortunes and enjoy those liberties in the New World which the evil passions of the older world denied them. There was poetry and chivalry in such a thought. The soldier of Kinsale, with the adventurous genius of his race, would be in modern times a hero of romance. To be a leader of adventurers was not his highest aim. He wished to found in that wilderness a Free Colony for all nations—an original and august conception; one to keep his name for ever in the memories of mankind. His experiment was to bear witness to the world that there is in human nature virtue for self-government. In the colony of his brain there should be equal laws. The sovereignty—judicial, representative, administrative—should be with the people. Every office should be filled by men elected to their functions, and paid out of the public revenue for their services. The state should employ the best of servants, and admit no masters. There should be

no privileged order. In Utopia there should be no power, not even his own, above the law. Justice should be equally administered. To the natives of the soil he would offer protection, the useful arts, European comforts, above all the gospel. Love should brood over all his projects. Freedom of the conscience—equality of political and civil rights—respect for personal liberty—and full regard for the rights of property: these were the points of his scheme.

The block of country lay to the north of that Catholic province of Maryland, which was owned by Baltimore. For eastern boundary it had the state of New Jersey, with the affairs of which Penn was now familiar. It had only one outlet to the sea; by means of the river Delaware; but it stretched inland over an undefined country, across the Alleghannies to the banks of the Ohio on the west, and to Lake Erie on the north. The length of this province was nearly three hundred miles; its width about one hundred and sixty miles; and it contained no less than forty-seven thousand square miles of surface; little less than the entire area of England. Much of the land was hilly, and the hills were green with wood. The Indians hunted elk and deer over its plains, danced the war-dance, and

smoked the pipe of peace beneath the shade of its majestic oaks. Nature, it is true, had not been prodigal in this region; mountain chains covered a large portion of its area; and while the adjoining states of Virginia, Maryland, and New York, were alive with industry, hardly an English settler had as yet thought of sitting down in this bleaker clime. The winters were severe on the eastern slopes, and men supposed they must be colder in the valleys on the west. Yet the land was rich in many of the best elements of wealth. Between Cape Henlopen and Cape May, the Delaware offered a basin in which the commerce of a great continent would have room. The Susquehannah, the Delaware, the Ohio, the Alleghanny, and a host of rivers either watered the interior of the country or washed its boundaries. It was rich in mineral treasures. Iron was found in a thousand mines; to the west of the Alleghannies lay inexhaustible fields of coal; and anthracite beds of the same fossil were found in almost every part of the province. Near the banks of the Ohio lay concealed a treasury of salt-springs. Limestone was abundant; in the south-east there was a quarry of marble not unworthy of Italy and Greece. Nor was the whole of the province like the slopes of the mountain

districts. Though the rock lay near the surface, it was covered with loam. Sand and alluvial deposit existed in the same locality. Brooks and streams ran down its valleys, glens, and gorges, fertilising the soil and breeding myriads of ducks, curlews, geese, and other water-fowl. Remarkable for fertility were the lower flats about the Skuykill and the Delaware. Between the head-waters of the Alleghanny and Lake Erie, and on both banks of the Susquehannah, the soil was rich and capable of culture. When the forest should be felled and the surface cleared, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, hemp, oats, and flax, would take their place. The climate had the softness of the south of France; and the purity of the atmosphere reminded Penn of Languedoc. The forests supplied woods of almost every kind,—cypress, cedar, chestnut, oak, and walnut. Poplars were common. Oaks of several kinds were found. The pine, the cedar, and the wild myrtle filled the air with fragrance; and a slight breeze brought from the heart of boundless woods a stimulating scent. Beasts of prey were absent; but the woods abounded in wild game, and the venison was superior to anything of the kind out of England. Fowls grew to an uncommon size; turkeys to forty or fifty pounds weight a-piece.

Partridges and pigeons made the fields vocal with their cries. The rivers yielded fish, especially perch and trout, shad and rock, roach, smelt, and eels. Oysters, crabs, cockles, conch and other shell-fish, were abundant. Fruits grew wild about the country—grapes, peaches, strawberries, chestnuts, and mulberries; while the eye was charmed with the virgin flowers of spring and with the forest radiance of the fall.

But these advantages were not all known. Penn never suspected he was asking for a kingdom in return for a debt of sixteen thousand pounds. He had no hope of making money by his province; and to his death he never dreamt that it would pay him back the money he had spent. For years it was a waste. In that age people looked on a settlement among the Alleghannies as their descendants look on a removal into the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. Men went thither who could settle nowhere else. When Gustavus Adolphus came to the throne of Sweden he found nearly the whole of the American continent in the possession of one or other power; but anxious, as he said, "to convert the heathen and to extend his dominions; to enrich the treasury and lessen the public taxes," he sent out colonists from Sweden to take

possession of the unoccupied country on the Delaware. This colony was the beginning of a state. They found a few Dutch settlers there, who had at first no friendly feeling towards the new comers. But they found that these industrious neighbours would be useful to them; for the Swedes turned their attention to farming, while the Hollanders preferred to fetch and carry, and to buy and sell. They suited each other. With the Swedes went out a number of Finns; and a village was formed by them at Wicocoa, now within the suburbs of Philadelphia. The Swedes bestowed the name of New Suabia on the whole country, and scattered themselves far and wide over its surface. They had, however, advanced but a little way towards the formation of a state when Penn became a petitioner to the King. Not a single house had been built at Philadelphia—a spot marked out by nature as the site of a great city; for such of the Hollanders as fixed their residence at the confluence of the two rivers were content to harbour in the holes and caves.

The red men were a branch of the Lenni Lenapé. This name, signifying “the original people,” was a common term, under which were included all the Indian tribes speaking dialects of the widely-spread

Algonquin language. An obscure tradition among them pointed to a great migration from the west, in ages long ago. They may have been the remnants of a conquering race which had subdued and swept away the civilised people whose monuments still arrest attention in the great valley of the Mississippi. The northern regions were held by Iroquois—a race of red men famous in the history of New York under the name of the Six Nations. As compared with whites, the tribes presented the same general characteristics—they were hardy, cunning, cruel, brave. They claimed the lordship of the soil as theirs by immemorial right. But as they hunted only, the grounds were of no use to them except so long as the rivers yielded fish and the forests yielded game. Men who have no fixed place of residence—no altars and no homes—have yet to acquire the means whereby a sense of property in the soil grows up. The Iroquois and the Lenapé built no cities—permanently kept no fields. Wherever the woods afforded sport the lodge was pitched. The men tightened their bows and sharpened their hatchets; the women planted a rood or two of maize; and when the forest spoils and field produce were got in, they marched to more attractive spots. Their sachem was an hereditary ruler; but

the order of succession was by the female line. The children of the reigning sachem could not succeed him in his regal office, but the next son of his mother, after whom came in the sister's eldest son.

Such was the country which Penn petitioned the King to grant him in lieu of his claim.

A year was wasted in debates. The Royalists lost all patience when they heard that Penn was asking for a grant of land, to put in practice certain theories held to be Utopian by wise and moderate politicians, and denounced by courtier and cavalier as dangerous to the Crown and State. Events had slackened his hold on James. Penn had publicly expressed his belief in the Popish plot; he had influenced his friends openly to support Sydney; he had himself become a leader among the Republicans. He had committed a still greater offence in the eyes of James—he had stood between that prince and his prey. As lord-proprietor of the whole province of New Netherlands, James had claimed the right to levy an import and export tax upon all articles entering or leaving its ports. So long as James retained the land as well as the seignorial right, this claim was not disputed; consequently traders carrying goods to or from New

Jersey paid to his agents a duty of ten per cent. When Billing got the land, this tax was felt to be a wrong; the colonists invited Penn to act for them; and, having considered the justice of their case, Penn proceeded against his royal guardian in the law courts. Sir William Jones decided the case in favour of Penn and the colonists; the Duke at once submitted; but it is impossible to believe that he would not feel sore at his defeat. To the coldness of the prince was added the active hostility of Lord Baltimore, whose ill-defined possessions were supposed to be invaded by the new boundary-line. Baltimore was one of those who stood in Oates's black list; he was not in the country; but he had friends at court, who watched his interests; and Penn's petition was no sooner laid before the council, than a copy of it was sent to his agent, Burke, who took such measures as he thought most likely to defeat it. All the dilatory forms of the Royal Council were used; the Lord Commissioners of Trade and Plantation wrote long letters about trifles to the Attorney-general, and the Attorney-general wrote with similar tact to the Lord Commissioners. Penn's time and hopes were wasting. Sunderland was an active friend; and Hyde, Chief Justice

North, and the Earl of Halifax, were also on his side. These prudent friends advised him to be silent as to his Free Colony until his patent had been signed. The name of Freedom was offensive at Whitehall.

END OF VOL. I.

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